

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 2929.—VOL. CVI.

SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1895.

TWO } SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS } By Post, 6d.

Lauretta.



LAURETTA.—BY JULES LEFEBVRE.

From a Photograph by Messrs. Braun and Co., Paris.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The Franklin relics, few and unimportant as they are, are among the most interesting treasures of Greenwich Hospital. It is amazing to think that we have no record of their discovery from the hand of him who found them. Dr. Rae, too, was the only man, I believe, who stayed in those inhospitable regions for two years and without a boat, and came back with his people unharmed. He told me that there was no reason why this should not have happened to other explorers, had they not been sailors, who cannot shoot. The Hudson Bay Company's men who composed his party had no difficulty in finding game enough to support them. Most of these Arctic narratives have a sad monotony. That of Dr. Kane, who possessed considerable literary talent, is the best of them. There is also a striking story of a vessel found fast in the ice, with all on board frozen to death; the captain in his cabin, with his log-book before him, the pen fallen from his hand beside the frozen ink, and the last entry, with its date ten years old, "All our food is gone, and our fire gone out without the means"—probably "of lighting another" he would have added, had not death stayed his hand. I am sorry to say that Arctic explorers in general discredit this tale, perhaps from jealousy, as they have no incident to compare with it. Now that the money has been subscribed for the balloon expedition to the North Pole, we shall doubtless—if, at least, there are any survivors from it—have more striking accounts of these northern regions, and not without the element of humour, which has hitherto been lacking. There was, indeed, a very humorous reason given for the failure of one of the attempts to find the Franklin party: "Because those on the *Discovery* were not on the *Alert*"; but that joke was "made in England." The hyperborean climate is adverse to epigram.

Every now and then the newspaper obituaries remind us that a link or two with the long buried past was until yesterday unbroken—that the contemporaries of those whom we had looked upon as belonging to another age were until yesterday alive to witness them. In the *Times* of May 28 the death is announced of Lady Young, of Formosa—that beautiful island opposite Clevedon on the Thames—at the venerable age of ninety. She was the sister of Winthrop Mackworth Praed, the first (except the Hon. W. Spencer) and perhaps the greatest of the society poets. To her we are chiefly indebted for the best if not the most complete edition of his works. He died nearly "sixty years since," at the early age of thirty-seven. His "Quince" and "The Belle of the Ball" are well known and admired. "The Vicar," too, has some delightful bits of characterisation—

When religious sects ran mad,
He held, in spite of all his learning,
That if a man's belief is bad,
It will not be improved by burning.

At his approach complaint grew mild;
And when his hand unbarred the shutter,
The clammy lips of fever smiled
The welcome that they could not utter.

The writer loved the old-world ways, and in describing the Vicar's successor, reminds one of the "snowy-banded, delicate-handed, dilettante" priest drawn for us by a greater but later poet—

Sit in the Vicar's seat: you'll hear
The doctrine of a gentle Johnian,
Whose hand is white, whose tone is clear,
Whose phrase is very Ciceronian.

There are many verses of Praed, however, almost as good as these which have been undeservedly forgotten. His picture of "My Partner" is one of them—a charming girl, but whose conversation was mainly confined to the weather—

Her cheek with summer's rose might vie,
When summer's rose is newest;
Her eyes were blue as autumn's sky,
When autumn's sky is bluest;
And well my heart might deem her one
Of life's most precious flowers,
For half her thoughts were of its sun,
And half were of its showers.

Praed has a great deal of common-sense; he has the courage to tell us that Arcadians have their weaknesses like Burlington Arcadians; he sees "silly dangles just as silly in Sherwood as in Piccadilly," "smiles that are no ray more bright by moonbeams than by candlelight," and as to "snowy necks, he never found them quite spoilt by having cameos round them." Here is a picture of a young pessimist, of whom to-day—thanks to the new literature—we have many examples—

To him all light is darkness, love is lust,
Painting soiled canvas, poetry soiled paper
The fairest loveliness a pinch of dust,
The proudest majesty a breath of vapour;
He has no sympathy, no tear, no trust,
No morning musing and no midnight taper
For daring manhood, or for dreaming youth,
Or maiden purity, or matron truth.

But as for himself, Praed has written with justifiable pride that though he may have

Liked to prattle better than to pray,
And thought that freedom was as sweet as fetters,
Yet when my lip and lute are turned to clay,
The honest friend who prints my Life and Letters
Will find few stories of Satanic arts,
Of broken promises or broken hearts.

Indeed, a more wholesome poet never put pen to paper.

A German gentleman, recently deceased, has excited much ridicule for leaving a considerable sum to the waiters in the Frankfort restaurant where he was in the habit of dining. For my part, I see nothing to laugh at in the bequest. Rich men often leave their wealth to persons who do not want it, and are connected with them by no other tie than that of distant relationship; and show themselves utterly oblivious of those real but humble friends who have done them kindly service—which is surely a much more absurd act. It is no less amazing, indeed, than contemptible that men of large means often leave those who have ministered to their wants and comforts utterly without a "remembrance," though they know that their own death will be the cause of loss and, perhaps, of penury to them. If some of us "find our warmest welcome at an inn," why should not we show our sense of it by a posthumous tip to the waiter, to whom, of all its inmates (except, perhaps, the chambermaid, and why not posthumously tip her too?) we are most indebted? I have known more than one rich old bachelor who has lived at the same hotel in London for years and years. They would not have done so had not the waiters been pleasant to them, and it seems to me neither unreasonable nor unnatural (though they never do it) that they should leave some acknowledgment of their good offices behind them. We are all under some obligations to this class of mankind, for think how much they have heard and seen of us in our most genial and unguarded moods, and yet none of them, so far as I know, has ever given way to the temptation of publishing his "Recollections."

In the United States, which used to be called the Paradise of Women, they are not just now having a very good time. They are suffering from the persecution of both sexes. In the State of Albany a law against ladies wearing tall hats in theatres was recently proposed in the Legislature; while a Bill has been laid before the Board of Aldermen at Chicago, at the instigation of the Women's Reform Society, to forbid women from wearing leggings, or skirts that are above a certain number of inches from the ground. The men want their attire to be cut off at one end and the women to have it lengthened at the other. What would the fair fashionables who disport themselves in Battersea Park on their two-wheeled steeds say to such sartorial edicts? The New Woman boasts of the freedom permitted to her sex in America, but even there, it seems, they want to trample on her, or, at least, upon her skirts.

Of course, it is now discovered by the doctors that bicycling is unwholesome. Cyclists "look grey"—some of them, indeed, are grey—which shows that their "nervous centres are disorganised." For my part, when on a bicycle I was always nervous enough, but could never find my centre; even when we have found it, and preserve our equilibrium automatically, our nerves, it appears, are still "all of a twitter." A "scorcher," urging his swift but not tireless steed along the dusty road, does not impress one with the idea of nervousness, though he may be the cause of it in other people, but no doubt the doctors know best. I am in daily expectation of their finding a bicycle microbe.

It is difficult enough nowadays to know what to do with our boys, and when they are bad boys it is still more difficult; still, that mother seems to have employed something more than strong measures who charged a young ne'er-do-well the other day with stealing half-a-crown from his own money-box. This kind of investment, though the reverse of speculative, is not deficient in interest. Many of us have derived great excitement in our boyish days from turning the thing upside down and endeavouring to persuade a coin or two to come through the slit. The probability is that, if the experiment had been successful, we should not have put it back again. After all, it was our money, and though "on deposit," nothing had been said about "notice being necessary before withdrawal." When we are young, cases of conscience occur more frequently than in later life. I remember it being debated by one youthful casuist (in his own mind, that is, for it was not a subject for public discussion) whether the "silver fork and spoon" which, in obedience to the school prospectus, he had brought with him from home, still belonged to him or had passed into alien hands. He thought himself very scrupulous in deciding that it could be pawned but not sold; perhaps he had some vague idea that his uncle's hands were a natural channel for the family plate. Where I cannot help thinking he stretched a point, gave himself too much benefit of a doubt, was in connection with his watch. His uncle and he had had many dealings over it, no doubt to the former's great advantage, but during the holidays, before which, of course, he could always redeem it, it was thrown downstairs (with its owner) in an altercation with a friend, and ever afterwards declined to go more than for five minutes, except in a horizontal position. On his return to school he took it to his old acquaintance and received the same advance as usual, after which he never reclaimed his property. The manner in which he described his apprehensions lest the pawnbroker should hold it for more than five minutes and discover its little weakness I thought in those days humorous, but I now know that the whole transaction, though highly successful from a financial point of view, was a mistake in morals.

Southey has a capital name for a wife who is the reverse of a helpmate—a hindermate. There is another kind of mate who helps but also hinders—that is to say, one gets money from him, but also some inconvenience—an "inmate." He is not mad, but just a little "touched in the upper deck," and in his manners is distinctly eccentric. This class have generally plenty of money, though not entirely at their own disposal. This makes them very literally an object of consideration to their hosts. They lunch with the family even when there are other guests, though the late dinner is considered hurtful to them. The host sometimes apologises for their peculiarities. "So-and-So is a capital fellow," he says, "but you must not mind his little ways. They are nothing to us who are used to them, but to a stranger they seem odd. For example, he barks at meals." Unless this peculiarity is mentioned it is apt to alarm a nervous visitor. If his eccentricities are more pronounced, or if he has less money, the "inmate" goes to an asylum, and is lost to society altogether. Under the present state of the law, he is generally well treated there; but he becomes an item—perhaps only a number—like a guest at a mammoth hotel. It is no wonder that, under these circumstances, inmates have become a little mixed. A curious case occurred the other day of two of these unfortunates dying at the same time, and being sent to their friends for burial with transposed addresses. Hence, in the middle of the ceremony, in one instance, a telegram arrived: "Through painful error, wrong body," or something of that kind, and the mourners had to suspend their lamentations. Not many tears, one fears, are wasted over the remains of "inmates"; but there seems a pathos in the transaction nevertheless.

In a German provincial town I see that a society has been formed for the suppression of scandal. "Slandorous utterances will be fought out, the cost being defrayed by the society." What on earth will the poor souls have to talk about? In England it would be bad enough. Think of Cranford with everybody forbidden to talk about one another! And in our Cranfords we can at least talk politics, which in Germany is dangerous if we happen to differ from the Government. Still, this supposed disposition for evil-speaking of one's neighbours is exaggerated all the world over. It is only contemptible people who indulge in it, and what does it matter if they only talk behind one's back? "They say, what do they say? let them say." I do not in the least believe that one's friends, or even those who call themselves so, take pleasure in "saying things" about one. They do not, of course, discuss us to one another exactly as they would speak of us to ourselves; they may laugh at our little weaknesses, and those who retail that circumstance (who are the real mischief-makers) to our unwilling ears, with malicious exaggeration, may wound our feelings, but it is our own folly for believing them that we have to thank for it: if they had no listeners the trade of the scandalmongers would be gone. It is our own egotism ("What did he say of me?") that encourages them. This is what causes the young poet or novelist such unnecessary pain. Some "good-natured friend" tells him of some unfavourable criticism in the *Tomahawk*, and it gives him the shivers for a week. I believe it is thirty years since I have read a disagreeable review of my own humble productions; it is very unlikely that none have been written, but what does that matter? "If they be not fair to me" (and of course they were unfair, or they would not have been unfavourable), why should these eyes care to see? It is wonderful how the literary mind may be kept free from malice, hatred, and all uncharitableness by the avoidance of curiosity. And if this renders one insensible to what is written to one's disadvantage, how much more should it make one indifferent to what is said!

When Sir Ingoldsby Bray admitted that he had kicked his pageboy downstairs and broken his neck, his confessor, we read, took a lenient view of the transaction—

Footpages—they are by no means rare—
A thriftless crew, I ween, be they.
Well mote we spare a page—or a pair,
For the matter of that, Sir Ingoldsby Bray.

When he owned to having twisted his wife's head off—

Well-a-day! well-a-day! Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
Why really I hardly know what to say:
Foul sin, I trow, a fair Ladye to slay,
Because she's perhaps been a little too gay—
A fair rose-noble you'll have to pay.

But when the Knight went on to say that he had also ill-treated "a bare-footed friar," the confessor's face grew serious. Among other penances he insisted on was the erection of a chantry, and an annual endowment—

For plenty of lights to burn there o' nights,
None of your rascally "dips" but sound,
Round, tenpenny moulds of four to the pound.

Which shows that it was the way with some penitents to go "on the cheap" in candles. How long bad habits do last! In the Buddhist shrines of the far East this disgraceful custom, I read, still exists in the religious world. "As the packets were frequently cast into the altar-fire without being opened, it was thought it would escape the attention of Buddha that the candles were a little shorter, and the ends of them were hollow." As no evil effects followed these impious acts, the candles, though cunningly contrived to look all right, now contain little but wick!

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

There are two things that are gall and wormwood to the conscientious actor and actress. The one is to study new dialogue for an old play such as "Camille" or "Frou-Frou" or "Robert Macaire"; the second is to commit to memory and deliver an "occasional address." Actors and actresses of the first class have often told me that they would sooner study "Hamlet" or "Macbeth" than a set of verses or a farewell ode for a special occasion. Be that as it may, I sincerely hope that the next time Henry Irving plays "Robert Macaire" he will be induced to study the new version of the old play, written by Robert Louis Stevenson and his friend W. E. Henley, the editor of the *New Review*, which appears in the last issue of that excellent periodical. There is no character in the repertoire of the Knight of the Lyceum in which he more delights than that of Robert Macaire. He played it first when a mere boy at Manchester, and in the old days had it out again, together with a formidable cudgel which he kept for the purpose whenever an opportunity presented itself in the way of a special benefit. But the version of "Robert Macaire" played by Irving has become antiquated with silly gags, sillier business, and idiotic interpolations. From a farce it has got dangerously near a pantomime. The squeaking snuffbox, the stolen plate smashed inside the waistcoat of the cringing ruffian Jacques Strop, have become as historical and as ridiculous as the old custom of the Gravedigger in "Hamlet" taking off his twenty waistcoats, all to be put on again by the second Gravedigger, who was masked behind his principal. It is not generally known that the original Robert Macaire created by Frederic Lemaitre was designed as a serious character in a very serious play. But the public would not have it, and the drama was about to be withdrawn when Lemaitre begged for a reprieve, as he had a new idea. It was to give a comic Macaire, which he promptly did, squeaking snuffbox and all. It made an immense success, and Lemaitre was supremely good in his airy burlesque of the semi-melodramatic style. From that day to this the old play has been gagged to death, but Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Henley have restored it to something of its old literary form. The new Robert Macaire is a profound philosopher, the new Jacques Strop (Bertrand) is a timid but devoted and hypnotised slave of his chief. The strong man is contrasted with the weak man, not the mere ruffian with the fool. Robert Macaire is perpetually asking questions and answering them himself. This leads up to a splendid finale. With the last breath, Macaire says to his faithful friend: "What is death?" (*He dies.*)

This, to my mind, is as fine in its way as Robert Browning's celebrated stage direction in his dramatic poem "In a Balcony." The Queen has overheard the love scene between Constance and Norbert which seals her doom. The last words of the love scene are by Norbert: "Though I should curse, I love you. I am love, and cannot change! Love's self is at your feet." And then the stage direction: *The Queen goes out.* Why, this is drama in its very essence. You want no more. The Queen goes out! I see that in the new versions of "Macaire" our author adopt the suggestion of Charles Fechter, who invented an admirable bit of business when he played Macaire at the Lyceum with poor Harry Widdicombe as Jacques Strop. When Macaire was shot on the balcony Fechter did a wonderful fall down the staircase into the arms of the youth who, in the Lyceum version, really was the son of Macaire. Here we have the same fall, only Robert Macaire falls into the arms of the faithful Bertrand. I hope it will not be long before we see the new Macaire on the stage. It would admirably suit Irving or Beerbohm Tree, and though a serio-comic play, the dialogue is literature. And how well young Mr. H. V. Esmond would play the cringing but infinitely pathetic Bertrand!

In Mr. William Archer's interesting article on the criticism of acting—with which I regret to say I do not quite agree, inasmuch as in most modern plays I find I have far more to say about the acting than the play—our brilliant critic tells a capital story. Being nonplussed on one occasion, and compelled to fall back on the old answer about a certain actor, "I do not love thee, Dr. Fell, the reason why I cannot tell," Mr. Archer actually received a letter from a solicitor threatening a libel action because an actor had been a doctor before he went on the stage. I think we all know that actor-doctor. I must write an article one day on the comic actions for libel with which I have been threatened in thirty-five years. The first was from an actress in a semi-equestrian play, who suggested the law first and a horse-whipping after, because I had said that the white circus-horse that she rode had pink eyes. She did not mind what I said about her own dramatic and equestrian performance, but I must not libel

her favourite Firefly. As a matter of fact, I have never seen a white circus-horse that did not appear to have pink eyes.

But to return to the Dr. Fell style of criticism. I wish I could be moved by the Camille of Eleonora Duse as others are. As a rule, at the play I am a champion "weepist," and I am not ashamed of it. But the great Italian actress who delights me in comedy leaves me dry-eyed and unmoved in serious and sentimental plays. The reason is, I suppose, that I see how the stage-strings are moved and how the puppets are worked. Of true and sincere emotion I can find no trace, of simulated emotion an abundance. But it is all acting, acting, acting. Every gesture, every action, every intonation, every movement, are the result of incessant study. But I can never feel the artist's heart, search diligently as I will. I suppose it is a question of temperament. One of the greatest singers of our time, with a voice unrivalled, never touched one chord or fibre in my nature in any opera she ever sang or in any song she has ever delivered. Her voice made me marvel. It was unrivalled save in the kingdom of birds. But the artist—and she is an artist—left me as cold as a fish. The same with pianists and musicians generally with enormous reputations. In the old days I would sooner have heard Billy Wrighton at the age of sixty-five singing a ballad to his own accompaniment,



Photo by H. R. Nache.

HIS HIGHNESS THE LATE SULTAN OF JOHORE, G.C.M.G., K.C.S.I.

or James L. Molloy whistling the airs of an opera, again to his own accompaniment, than be condemned to sit under these stars with wondrous execution, but no feeling. Only the other evening I heard a young man with an exquisite voice singing passionate love-songs. When he had ceased, I asked him if he ever thought about the words or the sentiment of the song. "Never," he candidly answered. "I am only concerned when I sing about voice production; that is my hobby. In her war against point-making, and what is called theatrical effect, I fear that the great Italian actress forgets what I call "soul-acting." She never absorbs herself and her individuality in such a character as Camille. There are marvellous moments every now and then, but when Duse acts I am never allowed to forget the mere mechanism of acting. To some, I am perfectly well aware, the acting of Eleonora Duse is a revelation of what is called natural acting. To me it is precisely otherwise. It is the sublimation of the school, the study, and artifice. At any rate, as I said the other day when comparing the Fédera of Mrs. Patrick Campbell with her predecessors, if Mrs. Campbell is right in her view of Fédera, then Sarah Bernhardt must be wrong. As a student of acting, I prefer the reading of Sarah Bernhardt. If the reading of the "Dame aux Camélias" by Eleonora Duse is right, then the reading of Aimée Desclée, Sarah Bernhardt, and Modjeska must be all wrong. As a student of acting, I prefer any of them to the Italian study, and I venture to think that they are all nearer the Marguerite Gauthier of Alexandre Dumas, the author—which is the great point. An author does not dot his "i's," cross his "t's," and underline his manuscript for nothing. As the heroine of "Divorçons," or in the "Cavalleria" and the "Locandiera," I yield to no one in my admiration of Eleonora Duse. But I do not care for her Camille. I suppose because I have seen better performances and cannot forget them.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE LATE SULTAN OF JOHORE.

We regret to announce the death, on Wednesday morning, June 5, at the hotel where he was staying, at Kensington, of his Highness the Sultan of Johore, Tunkoo Abubeker, one of the most enlightened and liberal of Asiatic princes, and one of the most friendly to England. His dominions, immediately adjacent to our great commercial city of Singapore, the chief of the Straits Settlements, at the southern extremity of the Malay peninsula, have a population of 300,000. His Highness has long been noted for hospitality to all foreign visitors, and has of late years been much in Europe, sojourning in Germany and Switzerland, as well as in London. He was visited by the Prince of Wales a few days before his death.

THE WINNER OF THE DERBY.

The Prime Minister has won his second Derby consecutively, and thus placed his name on the roll of the race in unique prominence. In the sight of a crowd, which was all the vaster because of the uncertainty of the event and the certainty of the weather, Lord Rosebery's Sir Visto passed the winning-post, ridden to victory by S. Loates. The horse's record had not been very brilliant. He won the Imperial Stakes at Kempton as a two-year-old, but came in third for the Two Thousand Guineas, and third for the Newmarket Stakes. But, in the hackneyed phrase, Sir Visto has retrieved his past by winning the Blue Riband of the Turf. His accomplishments in the future at Doncaster will probably be watched with still keener interest. Lord Rosebery was heartily congratulated on the achievement of his horse, who is, however, not so beautiful an animal as Ladas, the winner of last year's Derby.

LORD DUNRAVEN'S YACHT
"VALKYRIE III."

The Earl of Dunraven, undeterred by previous ill-fortune, has named his new yacht, which is to contest the supremacy of the Atlantic on behalf of Great Britain against the United States, *Valkyrie*. To distinguish its record from its predecessors in nomenclature, one must add "III." to its title. We wish the Earl and his yacht all the success which his enterprise deserves.

H.M.S. "TERRIBLE."

The first of the two large cruisers built from Sir William H. White's design was launched on May 27, at Messrs. J. and G. Thomson's yard, near Glasgow. The ceremony was very successful. H.M.S. *Terrible* is much greater than any previous vessel of her class. She is a first-class twin-screw protected cruiser, 500 ft. long between perpendiculars, and 538 ft. over all; 71 ft. wide; with a draught of 27 ft., and 14,200 tons' displacement.

THE LONDON SEASON:
HYDE PARK.

The season has so far been of unusual brilliance, as has been daily evident from the crowded state of "the Park" in the afternoon. For fashionable society in London there is only one park—Hyde Park, a picture of which we give this week. The cycling craze has lately drawn some well-known personages to another park, Battersea, in which, if report be true, a princess has been riding on a cycle. But modern likings soon change, and Hyde Park is as little likely to be neglected by the *haut ton* in the season as the Tower of London is likely to lose its country patrons.

THE CHITRAL EXPEDITION.

A detailed story of the Relief of Chitral is now appearing at intervals in the columns of the *Times*, and many new facts have been published. The fort, it appears, is eighty yards square, with walls twenty-five feet high, and has four towers standing twenty-five feet above the walls, with a fifth tower overlooking the river. The walls, built of stone and of wood, are eight feet thick. Inside this fort was the force which Captain Townshend, after the wounding of Captain Campbell, commanded. The garrison comprised five British officers and Mr. Robertson, the British Agent, ninety of the 14th Sikhs under Lieutenant Harley, 301 of the 4th Regiment of Kashmir Rifles, sixteen Punyalis, about forty servants, and a few Chitralis. Altogether, there were 543 persons in the beleaguered fort. Every officer ascribes the highest praise to the courage and energy of the Sikhs, who were unwearied in their efforts, and always hopeful of ultimate relief. By putting everyone on half-rations, there were supplies in hand sufficient to last for more than two months. It had been decided to reduce the rations to a quarter from May 1, so that the stores would have lasted to the middle of June.

NEW MOSAICS AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

A TALK WITH MR. W. B. RICHMOND, A.R.A.

Two centuries hence, people will stand in the choir of St. Paul's and say to each other, "These mosaics show what the old English workman could really do." This prospect is a winsome variation on Macaulay's New Zealander, and we are indebted for it to Mr. W. B. Richmond, A.R.A.

The mosaics are new now; indeed, they are still only in progress, but we ought all to be acquainted with them. Quite a transformation is creeping over the always stately choir of St. Paul's. Sermons in stone, sermons full of colour and life and eloquence, have arisen where before there were only dun walls. It is as if the sun were always shining; and Mr. Richmond's service goes wider. In these mosaics we have the revival of a lost English art.

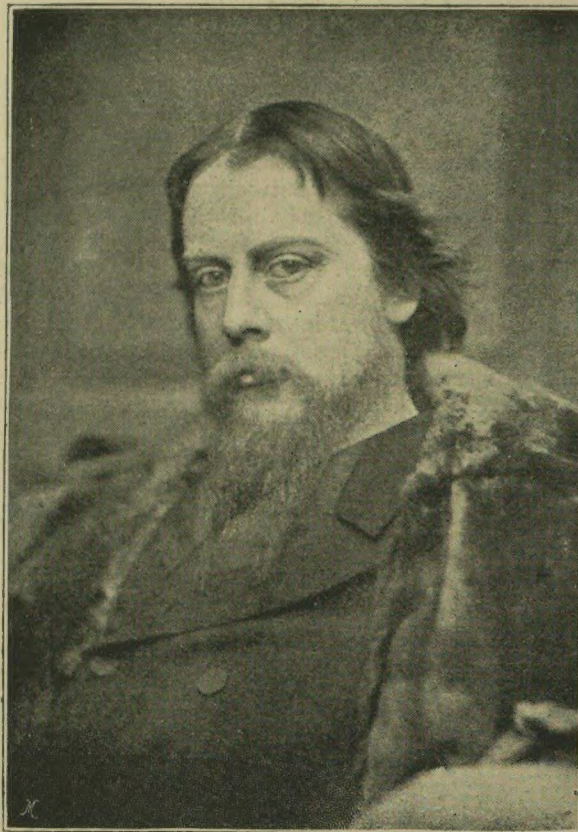
Nobody could give the story of this undertaking—its conception, the working of it out, the thread and bearing of the mosaic design—so well as the artist. He was good enough to tell me the story (a representative of *The Illustrated London News* writes) when I called on him the other afternoon at his studio at Hammersmith.

"There had been many schemes," he began, "for the decoration of St. Paul's choir, but they fell through one after another. Then the reredos was designed by Messrs. Bodley and Garner, and they were asked if they could not advise on a scheme for the decoration of the building. Whether they had any proposals towards this end I don't know, but Mr. Bodley came to me to see if I could not make some suggestions. My reply was that I had thought about the matter for many years, and that in some respects I had special advantages in work of the kind. I have travelled a great deal in Italy since I was a boy, and I have studied somewhat intimately the mosaics to be seen there and in Greece and other countries.

"The next question was about the designs—what to do; and I sat down, and in about six weeks got out designs in the rough for practically the whole choir. Accordingly, on meeting the committee, I was able to put before them not merely one or two things, but the full scheme, and they agreed to accept my designs. I made it a *sine qua non* that any designs I had made should be carried out, because I knew that committees are apt to be changeable. An agreement was signed between the Dean and Chapter and myself to the effect that I should work for St. Paul's Cathedral as designer for a certain period, and during that period I did so work, and did little else. Then, when the first part of the work was uncovered, they agreed to go on, and more money was forthcoming from the public.

"As to the carrying out of the works, I had a very strong feeling—the point is, I think, a most important one altogether in this country—that English, not foreign, labour should be employed. This immediately brought me

it was absolutely necessary, to secure my effects according to my anticipation, that the work should be done on the spot. Now, as English workmen had only had experience of the system which I was putting aside in order to revive the other, it was necessary that I should train my workers myself. That I have done, and these men—over



MR. W. B. RICHMOND, A.R.A.

Copyright Photo by Frederick Hollyer, Pembroke Square.

a score of them—have acquired sufficient grip of the true principles of mosaic to be able in a great measure to go alone. Indeed, they have become such adepts at the work that they keep me tremendously closely occupied with the preparation of my cartoons. As I have mentioned, I have seen all the principal mosaics in Europe, and quite apart from the quality of my designs, the mosaic *qua* mosaic in

the choir of St. Paul's is as good as anything that was done in the best periods of the mosaicist's art. These periods were from the fifth to the ninth century, and again in the thirteenth century in Italy. After that mosaic went off, and eventually the pictorial system began to come in, and it's against it that I have been fighting.

"From the English workmen and their capital workmanship—surely a most gratifying and hopeful feature of decoration in England—I come to the designs of the mosaics. What subjects were we to do? My idea was to treat the whole of the choir as a kind of history of man from his creation, and to take examples from the Old Testament which would illustrate his religious and intellectual progress. In the saucer-domes I have illustrated the story of the creation of the birds, fishes, and beasts, and in the pendentives which support the saucer-domes I have a choir of angels supposed to be proclaiming the prophecies given in the ninth chapter of Isaiah in relation to the coming of the Saviour. At the east end of the choir there is a large figure of the Christ seated on wings, and the two adjoining panels have groups of recording angels illustrating the idea of the Judgment Day. Lower down

to represent the heavenly beings protecting man's labours. There are angels under the trees, and symbols about of agriculture. In the clerestory spaces on the north side of the choir are two sibyls, who in the early days of the Christian Church were familiar as prophetesses, and are said to have foretold, during the reign of the first Augustus, the coming of Christ. It was suggested to me to put those in as a connection between the old pagan times and the new dispensation of Christianity. Turning to the south side of the choir you will see on the same level figures of David and Solomon; Solomon sitting upon his throne blessing the people after the completion of the Temple, David lamenting that he was not permitted to build a temple. In the next bay I have set out the creation of the fishes, which is a scheme in blue and gold. The idea of the heavenly beings protecting man's labours is repeated in the windows here, the design among which the angels stand being, in one instance, the vine, and in the other the hop. In the south side splay of this bay two of the builders of the Temple are pictured—one the maker of the ark, the other the craftsman of the plate, the curtains, and so on. Behind the first builder stands the ark, with the angels; while the other builder is seated before the curtain he has just woven, and a slave is bringing in glasses and cups for the service of the Temple. The north side splay shows two great early kings—Alexander and Cyrus—the first because he was the conqueror whose power united the East and the West, the second (Cyrus) who was before Alexander, on account of his being the king who liberated the Jews from their captivity. Alexander appears in the full armour of a Greek soldier, behind him emblems of the races of the Orient, these culminating in a Greek poet who is singing the conquests by which the king has united the East and the West. The relief in the background consists of groups of Jews bringing their kind and goods out of captivity, and following the sign that is described in Ezekiel—of the Almighty in the shape of angels in wheels within wheels. In what are understood as the long panels of the clerestory, I have in a measure repeated the character of the designs in the three saucer-domes—those of the birds, the fishes, and the beasts.

"The saucer-dome to be devoted to the creation of the beasts is in the third bay, and this bay we are now just starting. The subjects for the splay will be Moses receiving the law on Mount Sinai, Jacob's dream of the ladder of angels ascending and descending, the visit of the angels to Abraham when he received the promise that Sarah should have a child, and the sufferings of Job. For the panels below I have drawn two figures of Adam and Eve in Paradise, and for the spandrels over the arches, angels who are the guardians of Paradise. Then I go on to deal with the creation of the sun and the moon, the temptation and fall of Adam and Eve in Paradise, the expulsion from Paradise, and, in fine, with an epitome of the whole Scriptural story, winding up with the Annunciation.



Photo by F. Hollyer, Pembroke Square.

CARTOON OF THE ANGEL OF THE CREATION, FOR THE MOSAIC IN THE CHOIR.

face to face with the difficulty that the only mosaic work done in England has been of the picturesque kind, as distinguished from architectural treatment. I had resolved not to have mosaics which represented pictures—not mosaic work as an independent art—but to revive the ancient treatment as allied to architecture. This, which means working directly on to the wall, instead of in the first place on to paper, as the modern way has been, is the true and legitimate system. From the point of view of results,

are three windows—the windows in the apse—which represent the twenty-four elders taking off their crowns before the Majesty. Still lower down comes a series of panels indicating the virtues, and two panels of the sea giving up its dead. Again lower, I have two further panels—one of the sacrifice of Noah after the Flood; the other the blessing of Abraham by the priest Melchizedek, who is supposed to be a type of Christ.

"Next take the clerestory windows, which are designed

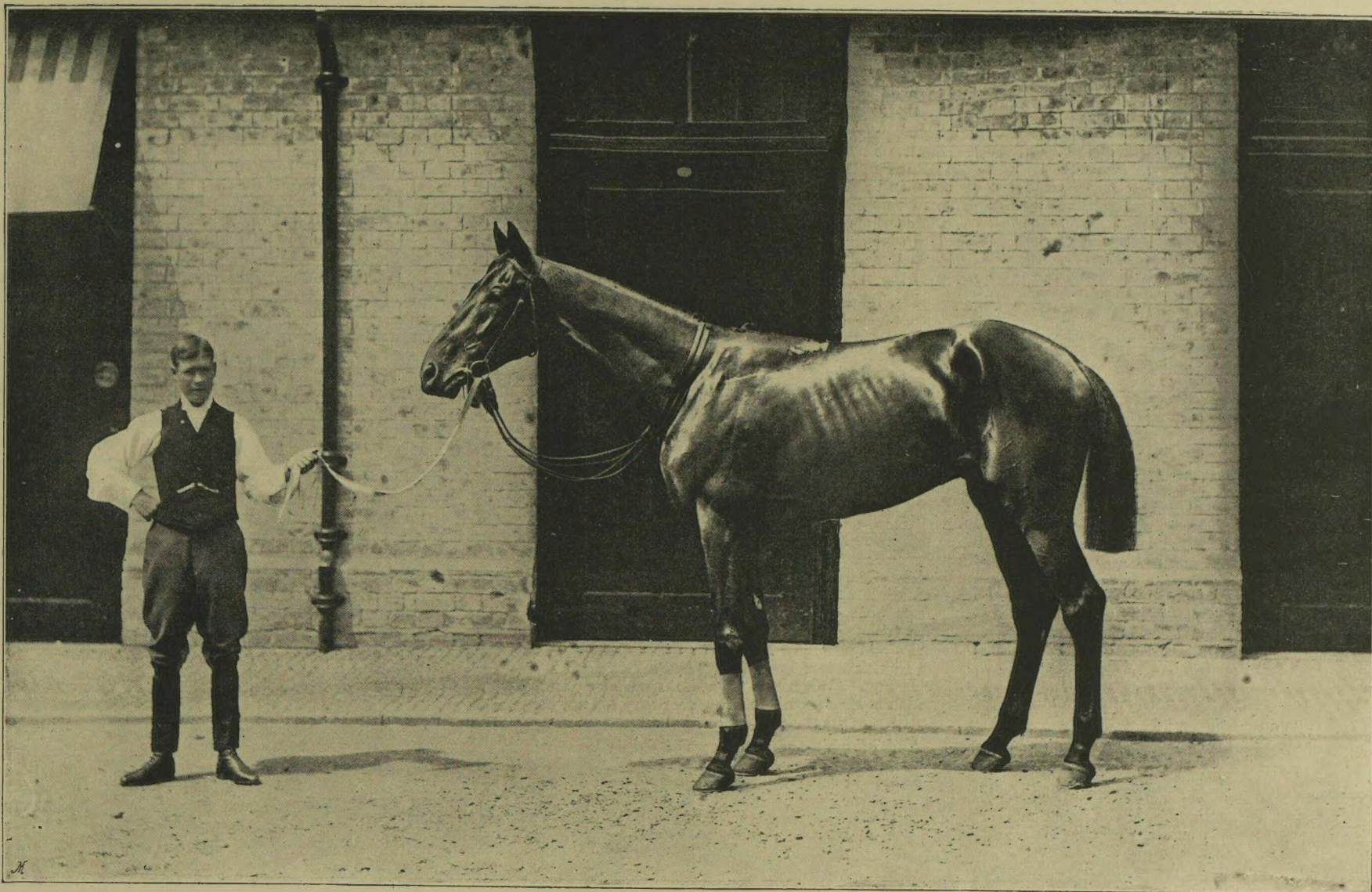


Photo by F. Hollyer, Pembroke Square.

MOSAIC OF KING DAVID, ON SOUTH SIDE OF THE CHOIR.

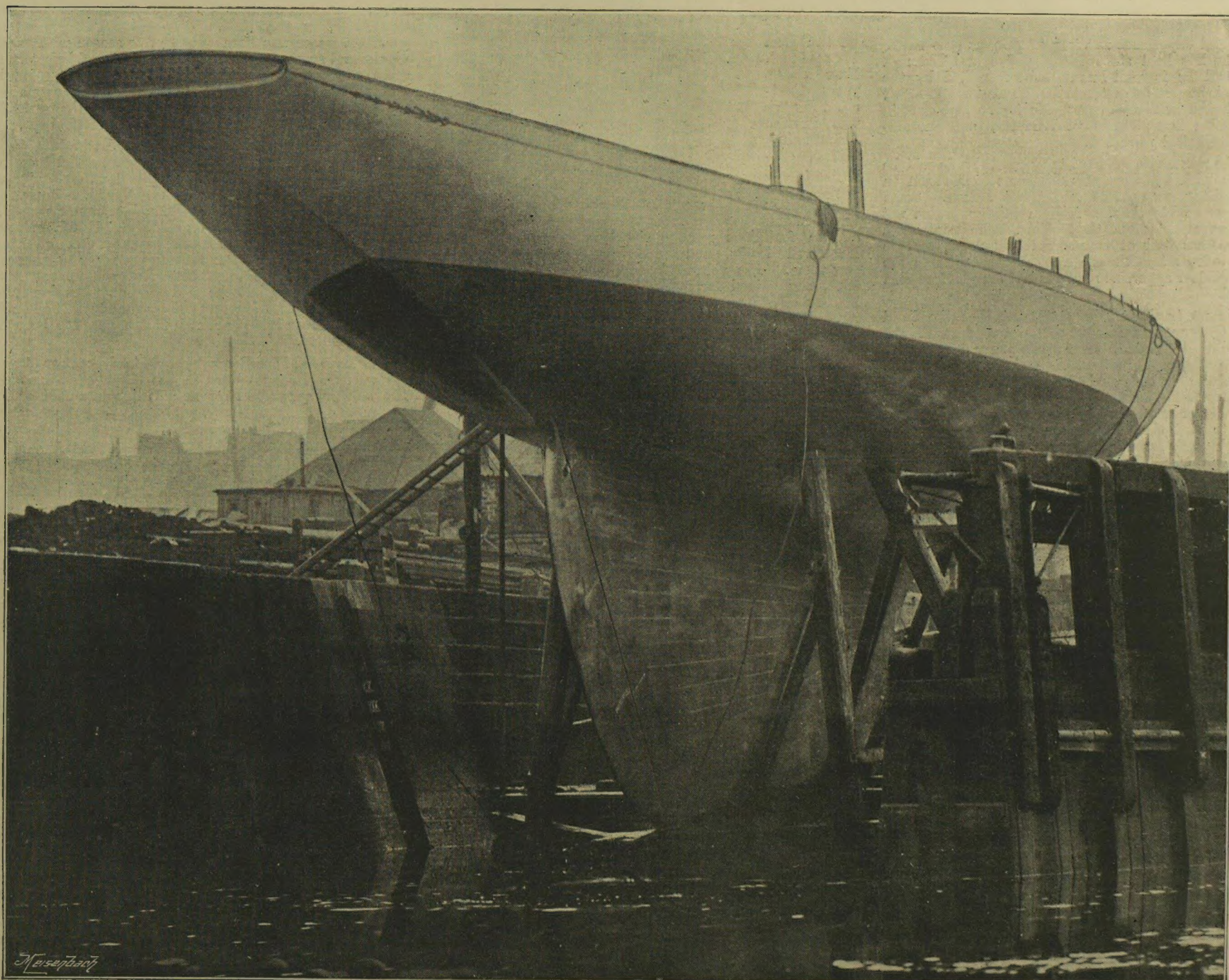
With that, I have described to you the general idea which underlies the scheme of decoration, and if you visit St. Paul's you will, I fancy, be able to grasp it clearly enough."

Well, I have been to St. Paul's; and others, taking this condensed handbook to the new mosaics, may well go and study them. Many will ask themselves, as I did, whether the decoration should be allowed to end with the choir, as the prospect is at present.



THE WINNER OF THE DERBY: LORD ROSEBERY'S SIR VISTO.

Photo by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket.



LORD DUNRAVEN'S NEW YACHT, "VALKYRIE III."

Photo by West and Son, Southsea.

PERSONAL.

The Duke of Genoa, who is expected to visit England with the Italian Fleet, is forty-one years of age. He is the son of the King of Italy's aunt, the Princess Elizabeth, by her first marriage, to Prince Fernando of Savoy, Duke of Genoa. There were two children, the elder of whom is the beloved Queen Margherita. Prince Tommaso of Savoy, Duke of Genoa, is Vice-Admiral of the Italian Fleet. He married, in 1883, Princess Isabella, daughter of the late Prince Adalbert of Bavaria, and has one son. The Duke has an allowance of 400,000 lire from the King of Italy's Civil List. He is very fond of naval manœuvres, and is never happier than when on the sea.



Photo by Vianelli.
THE DUKE OF GENOA,
Commander of the Italian Fleet.

The indisposition of Mr. Gladstone, who is suffering from a cold, robbed Whit Monday of one of the features to which the world has grown accustomed. The ex-Premier was unable to deliver one of those interesting and informal speeches from the terrace of Hawarden Castle to the crowd of loyal followers who made their customary appearance. Mrs. Gladstone, however, spoke a few kindly words, and the Dean of Lincoln also addressed the visitors.

The Bishop of Winchester is a man of wide and liberal sympathies, and his selection of Canon Awdry to be his suffragan will give great satisfaction throughout the diocese. It has become almost a rule for a diocesan when choosing a suffragan to nominate a counterpart of himself, but Bishop Thorold has shown his brethren a more excellent way. Canon Awdry is to take his title from Southampton (and not from Guildford, which sufficed for Bishops Utterton and Sumner), and he will be consecrated almost immediately. His appointment adds another to the long list of schoolmaster bishops. He has spent twenty years (1866-86) in distinctly educational work—first as lecturer of Queen's College, Oxford, then as second master of Winchester School, afterwards as head master of St. John's College, Hurstpierpoint, and finally as principal of Chichester Theological College. He has had, however, some parochial experience as Vicar of Ampert (the living of which he has held since 1886), and Rural Dean of Andover, and he is well known and respected by the clergy. He is an Oxford graduate and a member of Balliol, where he had a brilliant career. He took a first class in "Mods," and a first class in "Lit. Hum.," and was also Ellerton theological prizeman.

When he returns to Afghanistan the Shahzada will be able to say with feeling that there is no such strain on mind and body as that of a London season. Some complaints are made that his Afghan Highness does not keep his engagements; but the fact is that he is worn out by the constant toil of ceremonial functions, and is compelled to rest sometimes. The Prince's visit to the Queen at Windsor appears to have made a deep impression on his mind.

There is no truth in the statement that the Lord Mayor and Corporation invited the President of the French Republic to visit London. A French journal remarked that the President could accept invitations only from his equals, as if the Lord Mayor had taken it upon himself to ask M. Faure to England. If the President were to come over as a guest of the State, then and only then would he be invited to visit the City Father. This is an explanation too abstruse for the Parisian intelligence.

The last of the great publishers of a former generation has gone from us, and it is with regret that we have to

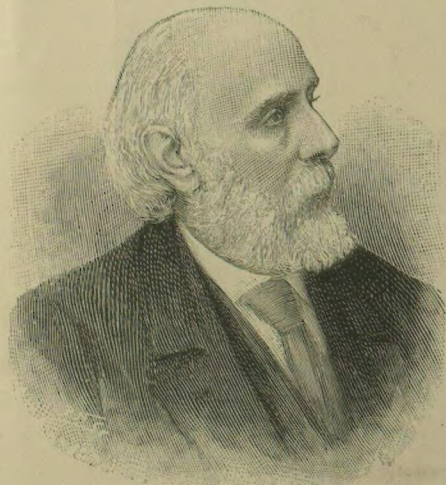


Photo by F. M. Sutcliffe.
THE LATE MR. GEORGE BENTLEY.

record that Mr. George Bentley, the senior partner of the historic house of Richard Bentley and Son, "Publishers in Ordinary to Her Majesty the Queen," has passed away. For many a year he had been in delicate health, and for many months so precarious had been his condition that the old house in New Burlington Street had known him not. The end came with comparative suddenness late on the night of May 30. Who that recalls Mr. Bentley's delightful personality will wonder at the affectionate esteem in which he was held by all who knew him? Tall and slight, with a face full of intelligence and refinement, with the kindest heart looking out of the dark eyes, with the most winning courtesy, with a gentle bonhomie that

brimmed over with delicate humour, and with a memory stored with personal reminiscences recounted in a style all his own, he was a charming host, and did the honours of Upton with an old-world courtesy. The pleasantest recollections of him to some are those which carry one to the little room in New Burlington Street devoted to his use—a room crowded with books, hung thick with etchings and engravings, with mementoes of the great business he loved so well, among which latter not the least interesting is the prospectus of *Bentley's Miscellany* in the handwriting of the immortal Dickens, of "Boz," as he describes himself in the manuscript. Mr. Bentley's room is a small one, and the heavy carved oak furniture, the busts in their oval recesses in the walls, and all the crowd of books, pictures, and papers, made it appear smaller still; but there is a something about it that speaks at once of the individuality of its owner, who, alas! will rule over it and over the old business house no more.

Mr. Reginald Brett, who is the son of Lord Esher, has been appointed Secretary of the Office of Works. This ends Mr. Brett's career so far as public controversy is concerned. He used to be one of the most diligent correspondents of the *Times*, and letters signed "R. B. B." have repeatedly given rise to animated discussion. Mr. Brett sat in the House of Commons for Falmouth from 1880 to 1885. At one time he was private secretary to the Duke of Devonshire, when Lord Hartington. Mr. Brett has written some interesting and valuable articles on the Queen's Prime Ministers for the *Nineteenth Century*, which will be of great service to future historians. It was at his house in Tilney Street that an explosion recently took place, happily without injuring anyone, but only damaging the house.

The Committee of the Comédie Française and the Sociétaires of the House of Molière have presented Sir Henry Irving with an address of congratulation in which warm tribute is paid to "an actor who has done such powerful service and profound honour to our calling and our art." The French actors have always had a very high regard for Sir Henry. When the Comédie Française were last in London several members, whenever they did not happen to be acting, spent their evenings at the Lyceum.

All bibliophiles and admirers of dainty verse will learn with regret that Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson died on May 30, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. He was the son of Mr. E. H. Locker, who ventured at least once into the land of literature, besides being Civil Commissioner of Greenwich Hospital. For some years Frederick Locker was in the Admiralty Office, employing his leisure in writing for the *Times*, and in fastidious research into the byways of poetry. He loved books, and knew rare treasures when he saw them. His volume "London Lyrics" appeared in 1862, and gained for its author many admirers. Other literary efforts were "Patchwork" and "Lyra Elegantiarum," the latter an anthology which showed the discrimination of a scholar as well as the delicate taste of a poet. Mr. Locker married, first, a sister of the charming Lady Augusta Stanley, and secondly, the daughter of Sir Curtis Lampson. On the death of Sir Curtis, Mr. and Mrs. Locker-Lampson went to reside at Rowfant, a picturesque home in Sussex filled with choice books and art treasures. The catalogue of the celebrated library, prefaced by charming verses from the pen of Mr. Andrew Lang, was a labour of love on the part of one who was a bibliophile, as distinguished from a bibliomaniac. Mr. Locker-Lampson's daughter is Mrs. Augustine Birrell, whose husband's enthusiasm for books is well known.

It was high time for Señor Sarasate to reassert his sway as a great violinist over the London public, which had been "worshipping new gods." The Spaniard had a good audience at his first recital on Saturday afternoon, June 1, in St. James's Hall, and among those who listened intently were Mr. Wilhelm Ganz, fair-haired Willy Burmester, and two other violinists of first rank. Sarasate was applauded enthusiastically for his exquisite playing of Schubert's Fantaisie in C major, and for his participation in the other items on the programme, which was mercifully brief for so warm a day. His skill and beautiful tone were as remarkable as ever, and the pianoforte playing of Madame Berthe Marx-Goldschmidt excited much admiration. Sarasate seemed glad to face an English audience once more, and we are certain that on succeeding Saturdays he will be further assured of his popularity.

It is good news to the many friends of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Barrie to hear that it is probable that they will henceforth reside in Kensington. This new environment will doubtless give a direction to Mr. Barrie's future work in the world of fiction and drama.

A curious action for libel has been brought against Madame Adam. An article in her review denounced M. Weyl, of the *Débats*, as unpatriotic. Madame Adam refused to give up the name of the writer, but repeated the indictment declaring "that M. Weyl was guilty of spreading the 'abominable idea that France, having no serious cause of conflict with England, was not called on to prepare to fight her on the sea.'" This opinion does not seem "abominable," nor does the denunciation of it strike us as libellous. However, M. Weyl insists on satisfaction

from a public tribunal, and Madame Adam appeals to public opinion to sustain her on the curious ground that in Paris "it is the fashion to be as little French as possible, and bad taste to be patriotic."

The death of Mr. James Dykes Campbell comes as a severe blow to the large circle of friends to whom he was endeared by the possession of one of the most genial of personalities and one of the kindest of hearts. Mr. Dykes Campbell was a Mauritian sugar-planter, and when he left the East Indies settled for many years in London, and became known to a wide circle, which included the widow of Barry Cornwall, Canon Ainger, and Mr. Leslie Stephen. Mr. Campbell's reputation was based upon his accurate and sound knowledge of the Georgian poets. It may safely be said that no man of our time has known so thoroughly the period of Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, and Scott, and, indeed, has had an equal familiarity with the text of those authors. His accurate knowledge often found expression in the columns of the *Athenæum*, under the initials "J. D. C.," and under his own signature in the columns of this Journal. Mr. Dykes Campbell recently published an edition of Coleridge's poems, with a biography, which was afterwards amplified into what will now be readily acknowledged as the standard Life of Coleridge. Mr. Dykes Campbell's later years were spent at St. Leonards, and the article on the Caves of Hastings in our last issue was from his pen. We, in common with others, mourn not only a valued contributor, but a loyal and large-hearted friend.

Queen Mary of Hanover, who is a year older than Queen Victoria, is seriously ill at Kissingen. The Duke of Cumberland has left Gmünden in order to visit his mother, who is suffering from inflammation of the lungs.

Dr. W. G. Grace has received a very high compliment from the Prince of Wales, who has in a happily worded letter given expression to the public sentiment of admiration for the great cricketer. Though in his forty-seventh year, Dr. Grace has been batting this season with greater vigour and success than he has ever displayed before in the same space of time. Probably the suggestion of a knighthood will be considered in august quarters as asking a little too much, but there can be no question that the unrivalled batsman is esteemed by multitudes as a national hero.

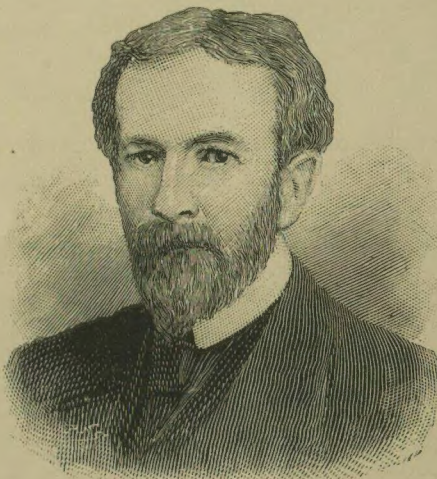
The London public is taking very kindly to the pleasant promenade concert given nightly at the Imperial Institute. The Strauss orchestra plays delightful music under the contagious enthusiasm of Herr Eduard Strauss, the energetic conductor, and a fashionable throng meanders through the pretty grounds gaily lighted with coloured lanterns. Altogether, the scene is quite Continental, and the Imperial Institute has become a popular after-dinner resort in the West-End. The contents of the rooms are interesting enough, but the real magnet is evidently the famous Viennese Orchestra. Many members of the royal family have been lately noticed listening to the beautiful music provided.

The name of Miss Ramsay seems in its proper place as the winner of a first class in the Moral Science Tripos. The lady in question happens also to be a cousin of Mrs. Butler, *née* Agneta Ramsay, who eight years ago achieved such high honours in classics. Mrs. Butler is the wife of the Master of Trinity, and still pursues her classical studies.

The return of Mr. Lewis M'Iver for West Edinburgh makes no change in the political complexion of that constituency, but it shows an increase in the Liberal Unionist strength, as Mr. M'Iver's majority was about two hundred larger than Viscount Wolmer's at the General Election of 1892. Mr. M'Iver had a short experience of Parliamentary life some ten years ago. He was returned as a Liberal for Torquay in 1885, but lost that seat in the following year, when he stood as a Liberal Unionist. He was defeated also in the southern division of Edinburgh in 1892. Called to the Bar in 1878, Mr. M'Iver spent some time in the Indian Civil Service. His Parliamentary capacity was considerably esteemed during his short stay in the House of Commons at the beginning of his political career. Mr. M'Iver is fifty-five years of age.



Photo by Russell and Sons.
THE LATE MR. JAMES DYKES CAMPBELL.



THE LATE MR. FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON.



Photo by Russell and Sons.
MR. M'IVER, M.P. FOR WEST EDINBURGH.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, who arrived from Windsor at Balmoral Castle on Wednesday afternoon, May 29, is accompanied there by Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princesses Alexandra and Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. The Marquis of Ripon was a visitor of her Majesty on Monday, June 3.

A State ball was held by the Queen's command at Buckingham Palace on Thursday, May 30, at which the Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Duke and Duchess of York, Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, Prince Christian and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and the Afghan Prince Nasrulla Khan, the Shahzada, were present.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, and Princess Maud, the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Princess Louise, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince Christian, and the Duke of Cambridge, were at the racecourse at Epsom Downs on the Derby day; the Shahzada Nasrulla Khan was also there. The Prince of Wales and other members of the royal family were there on the Oaks day.

The Prince of Wales has consented to be nominated for the Chancellorship of the University of Wales. On Saturday evening his Royal Highness was at the annual regimental dinner of the 1st Life Guards. On Monday he was at the Harwich Regatta, joining his yacht, the *Britannia*, which won the first race of the day, beating Mr. A. B. Walker's *Ailsa*. His Royal Highness has also sent a letter to Mr. W. G. Grace, the veteran cricketer, congratulating him upon his remarkable achievements in the field.

The Shahzada of Afghanistan visited the City of London on Thursday, June 6, and was entertained by the Lord Mayor at Guildhall.

The election for the western division of Edinburgh resulted on May 29 in the return of Mr. Lewis M'Ever, the Liberal Unionist candidate, by 3783 votes, against 3078 for the Ministerial Liberal, the Hon. O. Murray, styled the Master of Elibank.

The Earl of Rosebery has been visiting the Channel Islands, and was at Guernsey on Tuesday, June 4.

A political meeting at Newcastle was addressed by the Right Hon. John Morley on May 29; and Sir Edward Grey, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, spoke at the dinner of the London Chamber of Commerce. Earl Spencer next day, at Oldham, opened the new grammar-schools, and delivered an address on education. The Lord Chancellor on Saturday opened the Exhibition of Railway Appliances at the Imperial Institute. The Irish National League of Great Britain held its convention at Leeds, where Mr. T. P. O'Connor and Mr. Justin McCarthy were the leading speakers.

The Lord Mayor of London on May 30 unveiled two panel paintings, by Sir Frederick Leighton and Mr. Robert Macbeth, completed for the decoration of the Royal Exchange, which is designed to comprise twenty-four pictures of the series representing the history of British commerce. The Master of the Mercers' Company and the members of the Gresham Committee took part in the proceedings.

The Duchess of Fife, accompanied by her husband, on May 31 opened the new public garden at Woolwich formed on the ground of St. Mary's Churchyard, to the cost of which Mr. Passmore Edwards has made a handsome donation.

The new public gardens at Bethnal Green, which are nine acres in extent, near Cambridge Road and the Museum, were opened by Mr. J. S. Fletcher, chairman of the Parks Committee of the London County Council, on Whit Monday.

The twenty-seventh annual Congress of the Co-operative Union, attended by nearly a thousand delegates from all parts of the United Kingdom, was opened on June 3 at Huddersfield, the president being Mr. G. Thomson, founder of a successful industrial partnership of employers and employed in that manufacturing town.

The Independent Order of Oddfellows (Manchester Unity) has an annual movable committee, meeting this year at Swansea. It proceeded there on June 3 by Grand Master Diprose, whose address showed the order to be in a prosperous condition, with members to the number of about three-quarters of a million, and with a capital of nearly eight and a half millions sterling. The conference was attended by six hundred deputies, who were received by the Mayor of Swansea, Alderman W. H. Edwards, with a gracious welcome.

The sixth international congress of coal-miners was opened in Paris on June 3, and was attended by more than a score of English delegates; Mr. Pickard, M.P., being honorary secretary, and Mr. T. Burt, M.P., acting as treasurer.

The cricket match at Lord's, begun on Whit Monday,

between the Somerset and Middlesex teams, has attracted much notice. The score of 337 was obtained by the Somerset players in their first innings, of which Mr. L. Palaret made 109 runs, and Mr. R. Palaret 106. The Middlesex team scored 370, of which Mr. A. Stoddart made 150.

The tenth annual Cart-horse Parade, of which Sir Walter Gilbey is the leading promoter, took place in Regent's Park on Whit Monday. There were 410 four-wheeled wagons, each drawn by two or three horses, and 54 two-wheeled carts, with single horses. The Shahzada was a spectator of this show.

Three young men at Rochester, going on the Medway, on Whit Monday, with a party of the Bible class of St. Margaret's Church, were drowned by the upsetting of the boat.

The military exercises in the Whitsuntide holidays, favoured by fine summer weather, have been interesting. On Monday the troops of the South-eastern District, including Yeomanry Cavalry, Militia, and Volunteers, under command of Lord William Seymour, performed the manoeuvres of a field action in Kent, at New Romney and Iden, near Rye. Sir Evelyn Wood and Sir Redvers Buller were present. The West London and Surrey Volunteer Brigades were out near Caterham, and the Portsmouth and other Volunteers at Aldershot, where more than twenty thousand troops were assembled under the Duke of Connaught, for the review held on Wednesday before the Shahzada of Afghanistan.

The numbers of London holiday-makers on Whit Monday were remarkable; 63,683 at the Empire of India Exhibition, at Earl's Court; 61,326 at the Crystal Palace; 27,283 at the Zoological Gardens; perhaps nearly 100,000 at Hampstead Heath, and many thousands at Greenwich Park, Wembley Park, the Welsh Harp, Epping Forest, and other suburban or rural places of recreation; altogether, probably, half a million of people were enjoying

A statue of Marshal MacMahon, who won in 1859, with his division of the French army in Italy, a brilliant victory over the Austrians at Magenta, in Lombardy, was unveiled there, in the presence of a French military deputation on June 4, the thirty-sixth anniversary of that battle.

An international lawn tennis match between English and French players, ladies and gentlemen, was commenced on Sunday, June 2, at Puteaux, near Paris. The English players were from the Winchester House Lawn Tennis Club, of London. Mr. E. W. Lewis, Mr. G. M. Simond and Mr. C. T. Simond, Mr. W. G. Bailey, and Mr. G. L. Orme, defeated several French players in the earliest matches.

The German Emperor on May 30 and the next day reviewed the Berlin, Spandau, and Potsdam garrisons, Prussian Royal Guards, with brilliant military ceremony and festivities of the Court.

Another memorial of Prince Bismarck will be a statue of him as a young University student, to be erected at the Andelsburg, near Köthen. The foundation-stone was laid on June 3, in the presence of deputations from all the chief German Universities. Bismarck was educated partly at Göttingen, partly at Berlin.

The Austrian Government has decreed the dissolution of the Vienna Town Council, with its two Burgomasters and its elected Aldermen, to be replaced by a nominee set of temporary Councillors, under the direction of an imperial commission. The Emperor Francis Joseph has visited Grätz, in Styria, to open the new university and museum.

The "Porte," or Government of the Sultan of Turkey, communicated on June 3 its reply to the joint memorandum of Great Britain, France, and Russia, setting forth the proposed scheme of reforms in the Armenian provinces. It is said that this reply is very unsatisfactory, amounting to a stubborn refusal. The British Mediterranean squadron has been sent to Beyrout.

The Captain-General of Madrid, General Primo de Rivera, has been shot and wounded by an officer, Captain Clavijo, who had taken offence on account of a private affair.

Sir Hercules Robinson, again the Governor of the Cape Colony, arrived on May 30 at Capetown, and was very cordially welcomed by all classes of the people.

The Emperor (Mikado) of Japan, who has been residing at Hiroshima during the war and the peace negotiations with China, returned on May 30 to the capital city, Tokio, formerly called Yedo. The Chinese Commissioner, Li Ching Fang, appointed for the cession of Formosa, has gone to that island. A squadron of Japanese war-ships has landed forces on the north coast of Formosa, to put down the insurgents.

At Jeddah, on the Red Sea coast of Arabia, belonging to the Turkish Empire, a gross outrage has been perpetrated by some Arabs on the British and other European consular officers. The native Vice-Consul for Great Britain, Abdur Razzak, was shot dead, and the British Consul, Mr. W. S. Richards, the Russian Consul, M. Brandt, and M. Dorville,

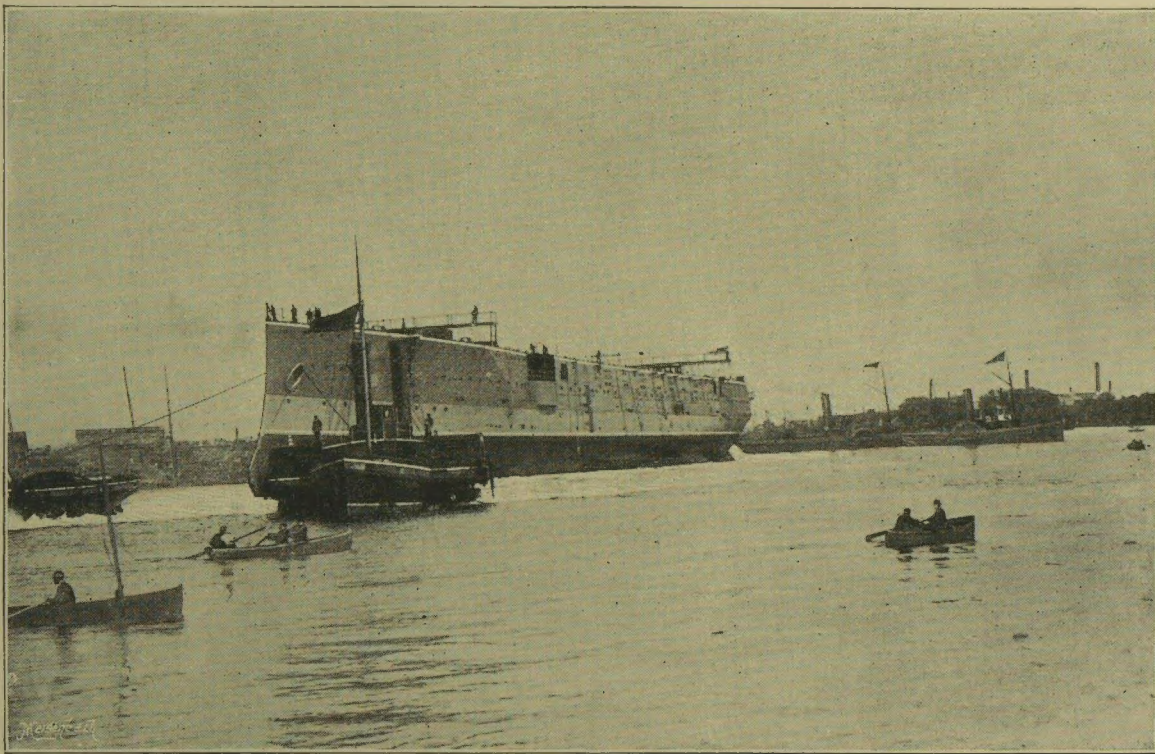
the French Consular Secretary, were wounded by a party attacking them during an evening walk.

The dispatches of May 30 from General Duchesne, commanding the French army in Madagascar, state that he was preparing to set out from Majunga, with the gun-boats on the Betsiboka river, the first brigade of troops having gone on in advance. The hostile commander, Ramasombazaha, had withdrawn to the other side of that river, and collected the bulk of his forces at Mevalanana, with detachments at Manganoro, near Suberbieville, at Tantely, and at Ambinany, at the conference of the Ikopa; but it was expected that these would be unable to withstand the French attack. Several of the Malagasy officers had been put to death for alleged sympathy with the French, or for seditious conspiracy against the Hova Kingdom. The Prime Minister, in an address to the Hova Queen, Ranavalomanjaka, at a military review, declared: "If any foreign Power wants to seize the land and to rule here, which at the present moment the French are trying to do, may God's will prevent it! The countries of the world have been portioned out by God, and Madagascar has been given by God to you, our Queen. Your Majesty may trust us, your army; believe that we are ready to defend your Crown and our country."

The insurgents in the South American Republic of Ecuador have inflicted some local defeats on the Government troops, and are drawing nearer to Guayaquil.

Extensive fires among the oil-works in the petroleum districts of Northern Pennsylvania have done an immense amount of damage, and it is feared that many lives have been lost.

Another terrible shipwreck of an ocean steamer is reported, this time from the Western or Pacific Coast of Mexico, between Acapulco and Manzanilla. It was the iron steam-ship *Colima*, belonging to the Pacific Mail Company, going from San Francisco to Panama. Twenty-one lives were saved, and 160 persons were drowned. There were 77 passengers on board, and much silver bullion.



LAUNCH OF H.M.S. "TERRIBLE."

See "Our Illustrations."

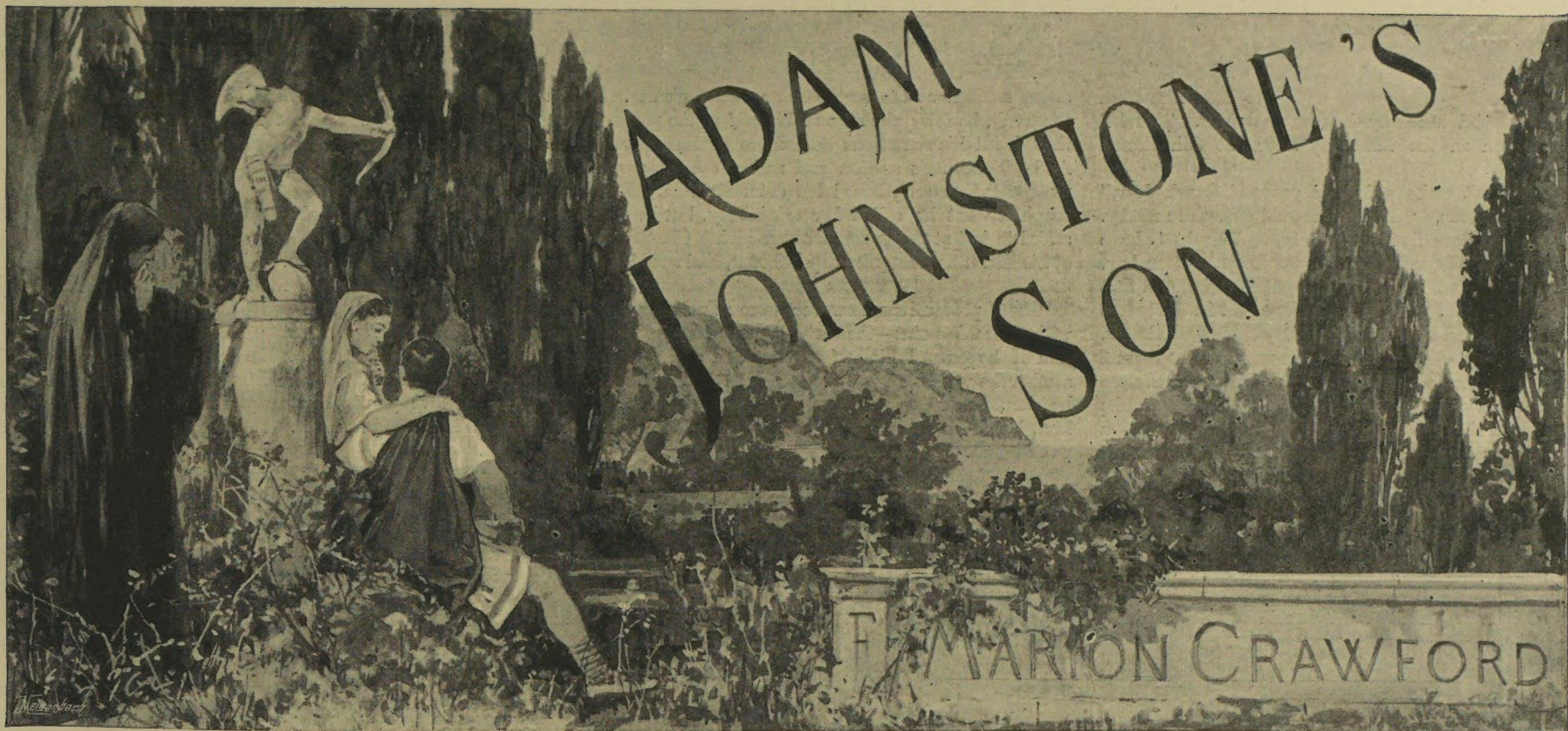
themselves out of doors. The excursionists to more distant places, between the Saturday and Monday at noon must have been almost equally numerous; the Great Eastern Railway carried 145,000 passengers on Whit Monday; the Great Northern had an immense traffic to the North and North-East of England and Scotland; the Midland, the London and North-Western, the Great Western, the London and South-Western, the London, Brighton, and South Coast, and the South-Eastern Companies had as many extra trains running as their lines and their plant and staff could accommodate. Steam-boats as well as railways were crowded; and remembering, also, the holiday-making excursionists, in various directions, from each of the manufacturing towns in the Midland counties, and in Yorkshire and Lancashire, it may fairly be reckoned that two millions, out of the whole population of Great Britain, were moving about in quest of healthy pleasure, of a kind which is also instructive, adding to their acquaintance with their own country. No serious accident took place anywhere in this amazing whirl of locomotion.

The President of the French Republic has been making official visits to Auvergne, Périgueux, and the central and south-eastern provinces of France. The Chamber of Deputies has voted money for a monument in honour of the French officers and soldiers killed in the war between France and Germany, and for a bronze emblematic statue representing the city of Strasburg, instead of the one now existing on the Place de la Concorde. M. Hanotaux, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, has vindicated, as an act of international courtesy, the sending of French war-ships to the opening of the German North Sea and Baltic Ship Canal.

A group of statuary, by Rodin, representing the famous historical incident of 1347, the surrender of the Mayor of Calais, Eustache de St. Pierre, and six Aldermen, with halters round their necks, to the English King Edward III., after the siege and capture of that city, was unveiled there on June 3, in the presence of M. Chautemps, French Minister of the Colonies.



THE LONDON SEASON: IN HYDE PARK.



ILLUSTRATED BY A. FORESTIER.

CHAPTER XI.

Lady Johnstone was one of those perfectly frank and honest persons who take no trouble to conceal their anxieties. From the fact that when she had met him on the way up to the hotel Brook had been walking alone with Clare Bowring she had at once argued that a considerable

intimacy existed between the two. Her meeting with Clare's mother and her sudden fancy for the elder woman had momentarily allayed her fears, but they revived when it became clear to her that Brook sought every possible opportunity of being alone with the young girl. She was an eminently practical woman, as has been said,

which perhaps accounted for her having made a good husband out of such a man as Adam Johnstone had been in his youth. She had never seen Brook devote himself to a young girl before now. She saw that Clare was good to look at, and she promptly concluded that Brook must be in love. The conclusion was perfectly correct, and Lady



"I'll tell the mother, too; I'll frighten them all till they can't bear the sight of you."

Johnstone soon grew very nervous. Brook was too young to marry, and even if he had been old enough his mother thought that he might have made a better choice. At all events he should not entangle himself in an engagement with the girl; and she began systematically to interfere with his attempts to be alone with her. Brook was as frank as herself. He charged her with trying to keep him from Clare, and she did not deny that he was right. This led to a discussion on the third day after the Johnstones' arrival.

"You mustn't make a fool of yourself, Brook dear," said Lady Johnstone. "You are not old enough to marry. Oh, I know, you are five-and-twenty, and ought to have come to years of discretion. But you haven't, dear boy. Don't forget that you are Adam Johnstone's son, and that you may be expected to do all the things that he did before I married him. And he did a good many things, you know. I'm devoted to your father, and if he were in the room I should tell you just what I am telling you now. Before I married him he had about a thousand flirtations, and he had been married too, and had gone off with an actress—a shocking affair altogether! And his wife had divorced him. She must have been one of the horrible women who can't forgive, you know. Now, my dear boy, you aren't a bit better than your father, and that pretty Clare Bowring looks as though she would never forgive anybody who did anything she didn't like. Have you asked her to marry you?"

"Good heavens, no!" cried Brook. "She wouldn't look at me!"

"Wouldn't look at you? That's simply ridiculous, you know! She'd marry you out of hand—unless she's perfectly idiotic. And she doesn't look like that. Leave her alone, Brook. Talk to the mother. She's one of the most delightful women I ever met. She has a dear quiet way with her—like a very thoroughbred white cat that's been ill and wants to be petted."

"What extraordinary ideas you have, mother!" laughed Brook. "But on general principles I don't see why I shouldn't marry Miss Bowring, if she'll have me. Why not? Her father was a gentleman, you like her mother, and as for herself—"

"Oh, I've nothing against her. It's all against you, Brook dear. You are such a dreadful flirt, you know! You'll get tired of the poor girl and make her miserable. I'm sure she isn't practical, as I am. The very first time you look at someone else she'll get on a tragic horse and charge the crockery—and there will be a most awful smash! It's not easy to manage you Johnstones when you think you are in love. I ought to know."

"I say, mother," said Brook, "has anybody been telling you stories about me lately?"

"Lately? Let me see. The last I heard was that Mrs. Crosby—the one you all call Lady Fan—was going to get a divorce so as to marry you."

"Oh! you heard that, did you?"

"Yes—everybody was talking about it and asking me whether it was true. It seems that she was with that party that brought you here. She left them at Naples and came home at once by land; and they said she was giving out that she meant to marry you. I laughed, of course. But people wouldn't talk about you so much, dear boy, if there were not so much to talk about. I know that you would never do anything so idiotic as that; and if Mrs. Crosby chooses to flirt with you that's her affair. She's older than you and knows more about it. But this is quite another thing. This is serious. You sha'n't make love to that nice girl, Brook. You sha'n't! I'll do something dreadful if you do. I'll tell her all about Mrs. Lee Cairngorm or somebody like that. But you sha'n't marry her and ruin her life."

"You're going in for philanthropy, mother," said Brook, growing red. "It's something new. You never made a fuss before."

"No, of course not. You never were so foolish before, my dear boy. I'm not bad myself, I believe. But you are, every one of you, and I love you all, and the only way to do anything with you, is to let you run wild a little first. It's the only practical, sensible way. And you've only just begun—how in the world do you dare to think of marrying? Upon my word, it's too bad. I won't wait. I'll frighten the girl to death with stories about you, until she refuses to speak to you! But I've taken a fancy to her mother, and you sha'n't make the child miserable. You sha'n't, Brook. Oh, I've made up my mind you sha'n't! I'll tell the mother, too; I'll frighten them all till they can't bear the sight of you."

Lady Johnstone was energetic, as well as original, in spite of her abnormal size; and Brook knew that she was quite capable of carrying out her threat, and more also.

"I may be like my father in some ways," he answered. "But I'm a good deal like you too, mother. I'm rather apt to stick to what I like, you know. Besides, I don't believe you would do anything of the kind. And she isn't inclined to like me, as it is. I believe she must have heard some story or other. Don't make things any worse than they are."

"Then don't lose your head and ask her to marry you after a fortnight's acquaintance, Brook, because she'll accept you, and you will make her perfectly wretched."

He saw that it was not always possible to argue with his mother, and he said nothing more. But he reflected

upon her point of view, and he saw that it was not altogether unjust, as she knew him. She could not possibly understand that what he felt for Clare Bowring bore not the slightest resemblance to what he had felt for Lady Fan, if, indeed, he had felt anything at all, which he considered doubtful now that it was over, though he would have been angry enough at the suggestion a month earlier. To tell the truth, he felt quite sure of himself at the present time, though all his sensations were more or less new to him. And his mother's sudden and rather eccentric opposition unexpectedly strengthened his determination. He might laugh at what he called her originality, but he could not afford to jest at the prospect of her giving Clare an account of his life. She was quite capable of it, and would probably do it.

These precautions, however, were as nothing compared with the main point—the certainty that Clare would refuse him if he offered himself to her, and when he left his mother he was in a very undetermined state of mind. If he should ask Clare to marry him now she would refuse him, but if his mother interfered it would be much worse a week hence.

At last, as ill-luck would have it, he came upon her unexpectedly in the corridor as he came out, and they almost ran against each other.

"Won't you come out for a bit?" he asked quickly and in a low voice.

"Thanks—I have some letters to write," answered the young girl. "Besides, it's much too hot. There isn't a breath of air."

"Oh, it's not really hot, you know," said Brook persuasively.

"Then it's making a very good pretence," laughed Clare.

"It's ever so much cooler out of doors. If you'll only come out for one minute you'll see. Really—I'm in earnest."

"But why should I go out if I don't want to?" asked the young girl.

"Because I ask you to."

"Oh, that isn't a reason, you know," she laughed again.

"Well, then, because you really would if I hadn't asked you, and you only refuse out of a spirit of opposition," suggested Brook.

"Oh—do you think so? Do you think I generally do just the contrary of what I'm asked to do?"

"Of course; everybody knows that who knows you." Brook seemed amused at the idea.

"If you think that—well, I'll come just for a minute, if it's only to show you that you are quite wrong."

"Thanks, awfully. Sha'n't we go for the little walk that was interrupted when my people came the other day?"

"No; it's too hot, really. I'll walk as far as the end of the terrace and back—once. Do you mind telling me why you are so tremendously anxious to have me come out this very minute?"

"I'll tell you—at least, I don't know that I can; wait till we are outside. I should like to be out with you all the time, you know; and I thought you might come, so I asked you."

"You seem rather confused," said Clare gravely.

"Well, you know," Brook answered as they walked along towards the dazzling green light that filled the door, "to tell the truth, between one thing and another—"

He did not complete the sentence.

"Yes?" said Clare sweetly. "Between one thing and another—what were you going to say?"

Brook did not answer as they went out into the hot, blossom-scented air, under the spreading vines.

"Do you mean to say it's cooler here than indoors?" asked the young girl in a tone of resignation.

"Oh, it's much cooler! There's a breeze at the end of the walk."

"The sea is like oil," observed Clare. "There isn't the least breath."

"Well," said Brook, "it can't be really hot, because it's only the first week in June after all."

"This isn't Scotland. It's positively boiling, and I wish I hadn't come out. Beware of first impulses—they are always right!"

But she glanced sideways at his face, for she knew that something was in the air. She was not sure what to expect of him just then, but she knew that there was something to expect. Her instinct told her that he meant to speak and to say more than he had yet said. It told her that he was going to ask her to marry him, then and there, in the blazing noon, under the vines, but her modesty scouted the thought as savouring of vanity. At all events, she would prevent him from doing it if she could.

"Lady Johnstone seems to like this place," she said, with a sudden effort at conversation. "She says that she means to make all sorts of expeditions."

"Of course she will," answered Brook, in a half-impatient tone. "But, please—I don't want to talk about my mother or the landscape. I really did want to speak to you, because I can't stand this sort of thing any longer, you know."

"What sort of thing?" asked Clare innocently, raising her eyes to his, as they reached the end of the walk.

It was very hot and still. Not a breath stirred the

young vine-leaves overhead, and the scent of the last orange-blossoms hung in the motionless air. The heat rose quivering from the sea to southward, and the water lay flat as a mirror under the glory of the first summer's day.

They stood still. Clare felt nervous, and tried to think of something to say which might keep him from speaking, and destroy the effect of her last question. But it was too late now. He was pale for him, and his eyes were very bright.

"I can't live without you—it comes to that. Can't you see?"

The short plain words shook oddly as they fell from his lips. The two stood quite still, each looking into the other's face. Brook grew paler still, but the colour rose in Clare's cheeks. She tried to meet his eyes steadily, without feeling that he could control her.

"I'm sorry," she said, "I'm very sorry."

"You sha'n't say that," he answered, cutting her words with his, and sharply. "I'm tired of hearing it. I'm glad I love you, whatever you do to me; and you must get to like me, you must. I tell you I can't live without you."

"But if I can't—" Clare tried to say.

"You can—you must—you shall!" broke in Brook hoarsely, his eyes growing brighter and fiercer. "I didn't know what it was to love anybody, and now that I know, I can't live without it, and I won't."

"But if—"

"There is no 'if,'" he cried, in his low strong voice, fixing her eyes with his. "There's no question of my going mad, or dying, or anything half so weak, because I won't take no. Oh! you may say it a hundred times, but it won't help you. I tell you I love you. Do you understand what that means? I'm in God's own earnest. I'll give you my life, but I won't give you up. I'll take you somehow, whether you will or not, and I'll hide you somewhere, but you sha'n't get away from me as long as you live."

"You must be mad!" exclaimed the young girl, scarcely above her breath, half-frightened, and unable to loose her eyes from the fascination of his.

"No, I'm not mad; only you've never seen anyone in earnest before, and you've been condemning me without evidence all along. But it must stop now. You must tell me what it is, for I have a right to know. Tell me what it all is. I will know—I will. Look at me; you can't look away till you tell me."

Clare felt his power, and felt that his eyes were dazzling her, and that if she did not escape from them she must yield and tell him. She tried, and her eyelids quivered. Then she raised her hand to cover her own eyes in a desperate attempt to keep her secret. He caught it and held it, and still looked. She turned pale suddenly. Then her words came mechanically.

"I was out there when you said good-bye to Lady Fan. I heard everything, from first to last."

He started in surprise, and the colour rose suddenly to his face. He did not look away yet, but Clare saw the blush of shame in his face, and felt that his power diminished, while hers grew all at once to overmaster him in turn.

"It's scarcely a fortnight since you betrayed her," she said, slowly and distinctly, "and you expect me to like you and to believe that you are in earnest."

His shame turned quickly to anger.

"So you listened!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, I listened," she answered, and her words came easily; then, in self-defence—for she had thought of it all very often—"I didn't know who you were. My mother and I had been sitting beside the cross in the shadow of the cave, and she went in to finish a letter, leaving me there. Then you two came out talking. Before I knew what was happening you had said too much. I felt that if I had been in Lady Fan's place I would far rather never know that a stranger was listening. So I sat still, and I could not help hearing. How was I to know that you meant to stay here until I heard you say so to her? And I heard everything. You are ashamed now that you know that I know. Do you wonder that I disliked you from the first?"

"I don't see why you should," answered Brook stubbornly. "If you do—you do. That doesn't change matters—"

"You betrayed her!" cried Clare indignantly. "You forgot that I heard all you said—how you promised to marry her if she could get a divorce. It was horrible, and I never dreamt of such things, but I heard it. And then you were tired of her, I suppose, and you changed your mind, and calmly told her that it was all a mistake. So you expect any woman who has seen another treated in that way to forget? Oh, I saw her face and I heard her sob. You broke her heart for your amusement. And it was only a fortnight ago!"

She had the upper hand now, and she turned from him with a last scornful glance, and looked over the low wall at the sea, wondering how he could have held her with his eyes a moment earlier. Brook stood motionless beside her, and there was silence. He might have framed much in self-defence, but there was not one word of it which he could tell her. Perhaps she might find out some day what sort of a person Lady Fan was, but his own lips were closed. That was his view of what honour meant.

Clare felt that her breath came quickly, and that the colour was deep in her cheeks as she gazed at the flat, hot sea. For a moment she felt a woman's enormous satisfaction in being absolutely unanswerable. Then, all at once, she had a strong sensation of sickness, and a quick pain shot sharply through her just below the heart. She steadied herself by the wall with her hands, and shut her lips tightly.

She had refused him as well as accused him. He would go away in a few moments, and never try to be alone with her again. Perhaps he would leave Amalfi that very day. It was impossible that she should really care for him, and yet, if she did not care, she would not ask the next question. Then he spoke to her. His voice was changed and very quiet now.

"I'm sorry you heard all that," he said. "I don't wonder that you've got a bad opinion of me, and I suppose I can't say anything just now to make you change it. You heard, and you think you have a right to judge. Perhaps I shouldn't say even this—you heard me then, and

my tongue, you know. It only makes it worse. You'll see that I'm in earnest in time; then you'll change your mind. But I can't change mine. I can't live without you, whatever you may think of me now."

It was a strange wooing, very unlike anything she had ever dreamt of, if she had allowed herself to dream of such things. She asked herself whether this could be the same man who had calmly and cynically told Lady Fan that he did not love her and could not think of marrying her. He had been cool and quiet enough then. That gave strength to the argument he used now. She had seen him with another woman, and now she saw him with herself and heard him. She was surprised and almost taken from her feet by his rough vehemence. He surely did not speak as a man who is choosing his words, certainly not as one trying to produce an effect. But then, on that evening at the Acropolis—the thought of that scene pursued her—he had doubtless spoken just as roughly and vehemently to Lady Fan, and had seemed just as much in earnest. And suddenly Lady Fan was hateful to her, and she almost

"I hate you!"

"Yes, but you won't always. Even if you do, I shall always love you just as much."

Her eyes fell before his.

"Do you mean to say that you can really love a woman who hates you?" she asked, looking at one of her hands as it rested on the wall.

"Of course. Why not? What has that to do with it?"

The question was asked so simply and with such honest surprise that Clare looked up again. He was smiling a little sadly.

"But—I don't understand——" She hesitated.

"Do you think it's like a bargain?" he asked quietly.

"Do you think it's a matter of exchange: I will love you if you'll love me? Oh, no! It's not that. I can't help it. I'm not my own master. I've got to love you, whether I like it or not. But since I do—well, I've said the rest, and I won't repeat it. I've told you that I'm in earnest, and you haven't believed me. I've told you that I love you, and you won't even believe that——"



"Don't—please don't!" she said, beginning to be frightened at his manner again.

you have heard me now. There's a difference, you'll admit. But all that you heard then, and all that you have told me now can't change the truth, and you can't make me love you less whatever you do. I don't believe I'm that sort of man."

"I should have thought you were," said Clare bitterly, and regretting the words as soon as they were spoken.

"It's natural that you should think so. At the same time, it doesn't follow that because a man doesn't love one woman he can't possibly love another."

"That's simply brutal!" exclaimed the young girl, angry with him unreasonably because the argument was good.

"It's true, at all events. I didn't love Mrs. Crosby, and I told her so. You may think me a brute if you like; but you heard me say it, if you heard anything, so I suppose I may quote myself. I do love you, and I have told you so; the fact that I can't say it in choice language doesn't make it a lie. I'm not a man in a book, and I'm in earnest."

"Please stop," said Clare, as she heard the hoarse strength coming back in his voice.

"Yes—I know. I've said it before, and you don't care to hear it again. You can't kill it by making me hold

ceased to pity her at all. But for Lady Fan—well, it might have been different. She should not have blamed herself for liking him, for loving him perhaps, and his words would have had another ring.

He still stood beside her, watching her, and she was afraid to turn to him lest he should see something in her face which she meant to hide. But she could speak quietly enough, resting her hands on the wall and looking out to sea. It would be best to be a little formal, she thought. The sound of his own name spoken distinctly and coldly would perhaps warn him not to go on.

"Mr. Johnstone," she said, steadying her voice, "this can't go on. I never meant to tell you what I knew, but you have forced me to it. I don't love you—I don't like a man who can do such things, and I never could. And I can't let you talk to me in this way any more. If we must meet, you must behave just as usual. If you can't, I shall persuade my mother to go away at once."

"I shall follow you," said Brook. "I told you so the other day. You can't possibly go to any place where I can't go too."

"Do you mean to persecute me, Mr. Johnstone?" she asked.

"I love you."

"No—I can believe that, well enough, now. You do to-day, perhaps. At least, you think you do."

"Well—you don't believe it, then. What's the use of repeating it? If I could talk well it would be different, but I'm not much of a talker at best, and just now I can't put two words together. But I—I mean lots of things that I can't say, and perhaps wouldn't say, you know. At least, not just now."

He turned from her and began to walk up and down across the narrow terrace, towards her and away from her, his hands in his pockets and his head a little bent. She watched him in silence for some time. Perhaps if she had hated him as much as she said that she did she would have left him then and gone into the house. Something, good or evil, tempted her to speak.

"What do you mean that you wouldn't say now?" she asked.

"I don't know," he answered gruffly, still walking up and down, ten steps each way. "Don't ask me. I told you one thing. I shall follow you wherever you go."

"And then?" asked Clare, still prompted by some genius, good or bad.

"And then?" Brook stopped and stared at her rather wildly. "And then? If I can't get you in any other

way—well, I'll take you, that's all. It's not a very pretty thing to say, is it?"

"It doesn't sound a very probable thing to do, either," answered Clare. "I'm afraid you are out of your mind, Mr. Johnstone."

"You've driven most things out of it since I loved you," answered Brook, beginning to walk again. "You've made me say things that I shouldn't have dreamed of saying to any woman, much less to you. And you've made me think of doing things that looked perfectly mad a week ago." He stopped before her. "Can't you see? Can't you understand? Can't you feel now I love you?"

"Don't—please don't!" she said, beginning to be frightened at his manner again.

"Don't what? Don't love you? Don't live then—don't exist—don't anything! What would it all matter if I didn't love you? Meanwhile, I do, and by the—no!"

He stopped again, close before her, and his eyes looked dangerous for an instant. Then he straightened himself, and seemed to swallow something with an effort.

"All right," he answered. "I don't want to keep you out here in the heat."

He faced about, and they walked slowly towards the house. When they reached the door he stood aside. She saw that he did not mean to go in, and she paused an instant on the threshold, looked at him gravely, and nodded before she entered. Again he bent his head and said nothing. She left him standing there and went straight to her room.

Then she sat down before a little table on which she wrote her letters, near the window, and she tried to think. But it was not easy, and everything was terribly confused. She rested her elbows upon the small desk and pressed her fingers to her eyes, as though to drive away the sight that would come back. Then she dropped her hands suddenly,

THE LADIES' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.

The popularity of golf is no less great among women than among men. One of the advantages of the game is, indeed, the participation of both sexes in pleasant rivalry. Doctors bear testimony to the healthfulness of the sport, and lawn-tennis is certainly less discussed and played since golf reached the high standard of an art. Last year, it will be remembered, the lady champion in golf was Lady Margaret Scott, and it is interesting to record another success on her part. The Ladies' Championship meeting commenced at Portrush on May 21 in rather showery weather. A good many well-known players participated in the games, including Lady Margaret Scott, Miss Phillips, Miss Garratt, Mrs. Ryder Richardson, Miss Gregg, Miss Cox, Miss Dod, and Miss N. Graham. Fortunately the weather brightened during the remaining days of the competition, and there were many onlookers attracted to Portrush.



AFTER THE BALL.—G. L. SEYMOUR.

What's the use of talking? You might laugh. You'd make a fool of me if you hadn't killed the fool out of me with too much earnest—and what's left can't talk, though it can do something better worth while than a lot of talking."

Clare began to think that the heat had hurt his head. And all the time, in a secret, shamefaced way, she was listening to his incoherent sentences and rough exclamations, and remembering them one by one, and every one. And she looked at his pale face, and saw the queer light in his blue eyes, and the squaring of his jaw—and then and long afterwards the whole picture, with its memory of words, hot, broken, and confused, meant earnest love in her thoughts. No man in his senses wishing to play a part and produce an impression upon a woman would have acted as he did, and she knew it. It was the rough, real thing—the raw strength of an honest man's uncontrolled passion that she saw—and it told her more of love in a few minutes than all she had heard or read in her whole life. But while it was before her, alive and throbbing and incoherent of speech, it frightened her.

"Come," she said nervously, "we mustn't stay out here any longer, talking in this way."

and opened her eyes wide and stared at the wall-paper before her. And it came back very vividly between her and the white plaster, and she heard his voice again; but she was smiling now.

She started violently, for she felt two hands laid unexpectedly upon her shoulders, and someone kissed her hair. She had not heard her mother's footstep and the opening and shutting of the door, nor anything but Brook Johnstone's voice.

"What is it, my darling?" asked the elder woman, bending down over her daughter's shoulder. "Has anything happened?"

Clare hesitated a moment, and then spoke, for the habit of her confidence was strong. "He has asked me to marry him, mother—"

In her turn Mrs. Bowring started; and then rested one hand on the table.

"You? You?" she repeated in a low and troubled voice. "You marry Adam Johnstone's son?"

"No, mother—never," answered the young girl.

"Thank God!"

And Mrs. Bowring sank into a chair, shivering as though she were cold.

(To be continued.)

The "conclusion of the whole matter" was on Friday, May 24, when Lady Margaret Scott retained the championship. In the final she was successful in vanquishing Miss Lythgoe. It is probable that the meeting of the Ladies' Golf Union, of which Miss Issette Pearson is the honorary secretary, will take place next year in Scotland, thus exhibiting its national character.

Lady Margaret Rachel Scott, who has become the champion, is the second daughter of the Earl of Eldon, and is twenty years old. She has inherited her father's love of golf, and from very youthful days has enjoyed the pleasures of this sport in which she has become so remarkably skilful. At the family seat, Stowell Park, North-leach, in Gloucestershire, Lady Margaret has had every opportunity of gaining proficiency in golf by constant practice. She has five brothers and one sister, and most of them have athletic tastes.

Perhaps in the future the Parliamentary Golf Handicap may be won by a lady member of the House of Commons, and thus signalise the progress of the sex in politics as well as in sport. At present, M.P.s contest only with valiant journalists and officers of the House, putting aside all politics for the nonce.



LADIES' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP AT PORTRUSH, IRELAND.

LITERATURE.

COLERIDGE'S LETTERS.

Coleridge hardly counts among the great English letter-writers, and yet few collections of letters could excite a more lively interest than that for which we are indebted to the pious care of his grandson—*Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. (Heinemann.) The writer was at once so interesting as a man and so great as a thinker, that, whatever the subject of his correspondence, it can never be devoid of charm. If he is his own theme, we are fascinated by the self-revelation of one upon whom we have learned to look with wonder, pity, and affection; if his discourse is of other men, or of books or public events, or abstract thoughts, his opinion is always worth knowing. Had but his style matched his matter, he would have stood at the head of the epistolographic tribe, but it is marred by the same intellectual defect—in some respects, however, a merit—which prevents his ranking as a master of English prose. The extraordinary width of his mind, enabling him to see a subject simultaneously from several points of view, rendered him painfully sensitive to possible objections: hardly, therefore, has he committed himself to a definite statement than he begins to explain and qualify, and often continues until the outworks of defence thus thrown up around a proposition have become a labyrinth in which the proposition is lost. This intricacy and tedium are especially fatal to the clearness and fluency which should characterise a good epistolary style; but if Coleridge's manner is sometimes clumsy, his matter is massy opulence, and much current money has been coined out of his ingots.

The wealth of Coleridge's correspondence may be estimated from the small progress these two stately volumes effect towards exhausting it. Mr. Ernest Coleridge prints two hundred and sixty letters, half of which, to his honour and our delight, have hitherto been unpublished. Yet he enumerates in his preface twenty collections, great and small, of Coleridge's letters, none of which he reprints with any approach to entirety, and of some of which he makes no use. Such reserve is, of course, enjoined by circumstances for the present, but we hope to see the time when the greatness of Coleridge will be sufficiently recognised to enforce the publication of the entire corpus of his letters, down, at least, to about 1820.

The imperfections in Coleridge's correspondence as hitherto published, and Mr. E. H. Coleridge's achievements towards making them good, are best deduced from his preface. Of forty letters from the poet to his wife, but one had previously been printed; Mr. Ernest Coleridge prints nineteen. Of nineteen letters to Sotheby, none had previously appeared; these volumes give five. Of more than forty to his brother, the Rev. George Coleridge, we previously had five, and now have sixteen. No fewer than thirty-seven letters addressed to Southey now see the light for the first time. Seven letters to Poole are now first printed, notwithstanding the copious contributions of correspondence to "Thomas Poole and His Friends." Many of the letters to Southey, Poole, and others previously published, till now grievously mutilated, for the first time appear in a complete form. Among letters of the highest importance made public for the first time, or reprinted from our own columns, may be named those to his brother respecting his escapade of enlistment in the army; the amazing epistle of Nov. 13, 1795, to Southey upon the latter's abandonment of Pantisocracy, beginning, "You are lost to me because you are lost to virtue"; the brilliant descriptive letters to his wife from Germany, and the melancholy letter to Wordsworth, May 4, 1812, upon their estrangement, an estrangement mainly occasioned by Wordsworth's unfortunate alliance of exemplary uprightness and deplorable want of tact. All these, and in a less degree all the new material, contribute much to enrich and deepen our appreciation of Coleridge's character, without essentially modifying the general estimate of it. As, however, although almost every individual letter gives rise to mixed feelings, the balance almost invariably inclines in Coleridge's favour, the general effect is to raise his reputation, which seems likely to gain more and more the more he is allowed to be his own expositor. It is, indeed, very necessary that he should speak for himself. No one but the wearer can tell where the shoe pinches; no one but Coleridge himself can admit us into the secret of the failure of his great career as a whole, though Carlyle probably went nearer the truth than anyone when he attributed it to a too sensitive shrinking from physical or mental pain. Circumstances, too, were sadly against him; the well-meaning interference of Southey saddled him for life with an uncongenial helpmate; and, though he was deeply indebted to comparatively humble friends, none of his intellectual peers seem to have comprehended or sympathised with him as they might have done. The great mistake of his life was, we think, his leaving Nether Stowey for the Lakes. At Stowey he had always Poole at hand: the sturdy prosaic friend who seemed assigned him by Providence to compensate for the deficiencies in his own nature. For long after he drifts like a ship broken from her moorings; and when at length he casts anchor in the friendly haven provided by the Gillmans, much of the precious cargo has been cast overboard, and the damaged bark can never again be seaworthy.

We are glad to learn from Mr. Ernest Coleridge that Coleridge's asseverations of the actual objective existence of his projected works were not always mere imagination. Two thick manuscript volumes on "Formal Logic" are, it appears, at this day visible and tangible, though it would seem not printable. We must say we do not believe that these or any similar works were ever in typographic hands at Bristol or elsewhere. But these myths enliven and accentuate the character of the myth-maker, himself no myth, but one of the most interesting figures in literature, scantily but exquisitely productive in the highest class of poetry, of lavish and indiscriminate fertility in speculation, facile princeps among our critics, wanting nothing but moral strength and a trifling infusion of "devil" to have been an English Goethe.

RICHARD GARNETT.

A JAPANESE MARRIAGE.

A Japanese Marriage. By Douglas Sladen. (A. and C. Black.)—Mr. Sladen's latest story is one more contribution to the already long list of fiction written with a purpose. This time it is the woes of the deceased wife's sister which are brought before us in a narrative that is invariably picturesque, and, especially as to the latter half of the volume, is of considerable humour and pathos. The germ of the story, briefly, is this. Bryn and Mary Avon are the daughters of a wealthy Yokohama merchant. Bryn is a beauty and brilliant (and, truth to tell, rather a minx until she is reformed); Mary is quiet, meek, and overshadowed by her sister's personality. Philip Sandys, a new arrival in Japan, is fascinated by Bryn, but, by a series of events drifts into a marriage with her elder sister. On the honeymoon tour Mary meets with an accident which makes her a confirmed cripple, and on returning to Japan with her husband she finds that her father is dead and has left no money. Whereupon Bryn goes to stay with her sister. The result of this *ménage à trois* is that a great sympathy springs up between Philip and Bryn; and when Mary dies, having given birth to a daughter, she says, "There is only one way in which I can die happy. Philip is a young man, and he will marry again; and if he marries anyone but you, Bryn, how can my mind be at rest about baby? . . . Don't marry anyone but Bryn, Phil. Another wife would want you to forget me."

Bryn stays on with Philip and looks after the baby; they become as brother and sister, all unconscious that they are in love with each other, until the cackling scandal-mongers of the Anglo-American colony make the situation impossible. Bryn decides to leave for England and live with a clergyman, her first cousin. Philip tried to dissuade her. "You must marry me," he said simply. "It was Mary's last wish." "Oh, Phil," she said, "but it is impossible. The Church forbids it. Poor Mary's mind was so weak in those days that she forgot this." "Say, rather," he said, "that she saw with the clearness of vision which God's finger gives when it touches us to transfer us to another sphere. At these moments we are apt to distinguish between essentials and accidentals. There is nothing divine in the rubrics." "To me all the Prayer-Book is sacred," said Bryn gently but firmly. . . . I could not marry you, Philip; almost rather the other thing." But Bryn's faith in the letter of the Church Service is rudely shaken after a short stay with her cousin's family. The Rev. James Penthorpe is treated by Mr. Sladen with relentless severity, and small blame to Bryn that she returns to Japan—the reader must refer to the book for her subsequent adventures. Mr. Sladen's descriptions of Japanese life and scenery are somewhat overburdened with native words, but the atmosphere of the country is in every chapter; and there are several well-drawn characters, notably that of Mr. Spong, the Siamese Consul at Yokohama—"an extraordinary man. He had been a Liberal member of Parliament when 'Liberal' still had some sort of meaning, and he once wrote a satire in the form of an allegory that went through a hundred editions, and was translated into Welsh." GILBERT BURGESS.

A NEW TRANSLATION OF DANTE.

The Comedy of Dante Alighieri. Rendered into English by Sir Edward Sullivan, Bart. (Elliot Stock.)—What proportion do the translations of Dante bear to the readers of him? Surely one much higher than we shall find in the case of any other great author. At all events, we are not aware that the excuse which Sir Edward Sullivan, using the poet's own words, offers upon his title-page, of long study and great love, would be held in the case of Homer or Virgil a sufficient ground for incontinently putting him into English and publishing the result. But with Dante "they all do it," and it must be owned that most of them do it fairly well. Now and then one comes across a grotesque performance; but, on the whole, the very difficulty of the task seems to put translators on their mettle. For a long time verse was the favourite medium—verse, it must be said, in many cases hardly differing from prose, save by the manner in which it was pointed. Some, less well-advised, even tried rhyme; but here we are quite at one with Sir Edward, who holds that the *terza rima* of the original is impossible without its leading feature the double ending; which, besides being difficult in English, is almost hopelessly associated with jocose verse. Of ostensibly prose versions, Dr. Carlyle's remained for a generation practically the only example; but of late years they have been more common. The present one takes a very good place among them. Its chief defect is a tendency to run into blank verse: a tendency which, as all translators of Dante know, is very difficult to resist. The eleven syllables of the Italian seem to run of themselves into ten of English, and the accents to fall upon the alternate places. Yet, if you read the best English prose, you will find that this feature rarely occurs. In the Bible it is not at all easy to hit upon a blank verse; roughish hexameters are a far more usual rhythm.

Sir Edward Sullivan has evidently sat as a rule at the feet of the best interpreters. We detect an occasional failure to catch the sense. In the first canto *fio* can hardly be "voiceless." The word means "faint," but never "imperceptible." On the next page *terra* should be rendered "land," not "earth"; *nazione*, "birth-place," not "nation," a meaning it never bears in early Italian. Once or twice the desire to put something differently from his predecessors has led him astray. *Guarda e passa* means "look and pass on," not "pass away"; and at the beginning of Canto xxiv., whatever may be the right rendering of *al mezzo di*, "when half the day is past" is certainly wrong. So must be the ingenious suggestion a line or two lower, that *penna* may mean "its feathery form"; for first, hoar frost on the ground cannot appear to the unaided eye as "feathery," and, secondly, *tempra* could not be applied to the shape of it. But the only really bad blunder that we have detected—it is one in which he has, alas! many fellow-culprits—occurs in what is perhaps the most famous passage of the poem—"Galeotto fu il libro"—we all know the words. It is almost incredible that at this day it should be possible to render them, "Our Galahad was the book." Has Tennyson lived and written in vain that a cultivated man can still commit such an outrage? A. J. BUTLER.

A LITERARY LETTER.

I have just come across a batch of hitherto unpublished letters written by Mr. Robert Browning. Browning threw so much individuality into his epistles that one cannot but regret that we did not have an exhaustive Life of him. Here are a few trifles taken at random—

"The poorest man of letters (if really of letters) I ever knew is of far higher talent than the best actor I ever expect to know; nor is there one spangle too many, one rouge-smutch too much on their outside man for the inward."

"I say nothing of my wife's poems and their sale. She is, there as in all else, as high above me as I would have her."

"I never designedly tried to puzzle people, as some of my critics have supposed. On the other hand, I never pretended to offer such literature as should be a substitute for a cigar, or a game of dominoes, to an idle man. So perhaps, on the whole, I get my deserts and something over, not a crowd, but a few I value more."

"There is no need to tell me how greedily the little men will catch up and carry about a little lie in the shape of a charge of plagiarism. Last year I wrote and published a poem about Aristophanes, and somebody, wholly a stranger to me, reviewing it in the *Athenæum*, observed (for fun's sake, I suppose) that it was 'probably written after one of Mr. Browning's Oxford Symposia with Jowett.' Whereupon half-a-dozen other critics reported the poem to be 'the transcript of the talk of the Master of Balliol'—whom I have not set eyes on these four years, and with whom I never had a conversation about Aristophanes in my life. Such a love of a lie have the verminous tribe."

Mr. Thomas Hardy is residing in Ashley Gardens for the season. His story, which has already borne two titles in the pages of *Harper's Magazine*—"The Simpletons" and "Hearts Insurgent"—is to bear yet another, I understand, when it is issued in book-form. In book-form, by the way, "Hearts Insurgent" will, like "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," show a greater amount of unconventionality than was possible in serial form.

It is easy to understand the attitude of the editors of *Harper's Magazine* towards Mr. Hardy's stories, because it may be fairly admitted that Mr. Hardy's gospel is not for schoolgirls; but the experience of those same publishers with regard to Mr. Du Maurier's "Trilby" is more astonishing. We are told that notwithstanding the enormous enthusiasm for "Trilby" which has obtained in the United States, Messrs. Harper received innumerable letters of remonstrance as "Trilby" appeared in its magazine issue. Yet "Trilby" could have been published in any magazine in this country without a shadow of protest.

Mr. George Meredith is spending a few days with Mr. Edward Clodd at Aldborough. Mr. Clodd's pen has been so obvious of late in two or three of our leading journals that one half expects that he will form another study for Mr. Meredith's next and too long-postponed novel, "The Journalist."

There have been a great many American publishers in London lately, among them Mr. Stone of Chicago, Mr. Way of Chicago, Mr. Dodd of Boston, and Mr. Appleton of New York.

One notes that the publishers of Sir W. M. Conway and Sir Lewis Morris have hastened to take advantage of the knighthoods as an added zest to the market of their books. Sir Walter Besant, I understand, has no present intention of using his title upon his books. Why not? It must be better than a baronetcy to be the Sir Walter the Third of literature, especially as the new knight lives in more peaceful times than his predecessors, one of whom wrote a "History of the World," and lost his head; the other wrote innumerable books of which we are all proud, but lived to hear the mob shout "Burke Sir Walter!"

Mr. Locker-Lampson, whose death we all regret, not only gave us the volumes of society verse—his own and others—by which he is best known, but a catalogue of that Rowfant Library of which he was the happy possessor. This catalogue is embellished by original verse by Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Andrew Lang, and others; and by book-plates by Miss Kate Greenaway, Mr. Stacy Marks, and George Cruikshank. Mr. Lang has sung the praises of the Rowfant Library in a well-known ballad—

The Rowfant books, how fair they show,
The quarto quaint, the Aldine tall,
Print, autograph, portfolio!
Back from the outer air they call
The athletes from the tennis ball,
The angler from his rod and hooks—
Would I could sing them one and all—
The Rowfant books!

I am not very good at figures, and I confess to being somewhat bewildered by those which a kindly publisher has handed to me in explanation of the fight for existence now going on in his craft. "Mr. — has been offered twenty-five per cent. on a six-shilling novel" was his plaint. "It cannot be done. Let us look at the figures," he continued. "A six-shilling book is sold to the trade at three shillings and fourpence—making all allowances for discounts and thirteen to the dozen. Of this three shillings and fourpence the author takes eightpence, and the cost of production on a thousand copies is one shilling. This leaves tenpence for the cost of publisher's establishment, advertising, etc., and practically no profit. In cases where thirty per cent. has been offered and taken there was an obvious loss, especially as in the case of all the more popular authors a large sum is paid down on account of royalties."—C. K. S.

THE OLD POISONERS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Not the smallest of the benefits conferred by modern science on the world has been the least recognised. We are not always grateful to the inventions which enable us to hear news (generally bad news) in an hour instead of at long and varying intervals of time. But we may all be thankful that science has simplified death. A modern writer has committed himself to the remark that Charles I. was probably poisoned by the Jesuits. There must be some mistake here, for Charles I. was one of the few historical characters who were not supposed to have been poisoned. His elder brother, Henry; his father, James I.; and his son, Charles II., were all the victims of this foolish theory of poison, a fate which they shared with innumerable victims in less exalted stations. As nobody knew much about toxicology, it was taken for granted that everybody except the medical profession knew a great deal, and that life could be destroyed by a doctored rose, a poisoned lamp, or a

from the charge, and has been regarded as a partner in a great poisonous conspiracy.

When we look closely at the facts, as far as they can be traced in documents, we are apt to think that there was no general conspiracy, but that there was a trade in fortune-telling, sorcery, and in rude vulgar poisons like arsenic; while all is rendered dubious, first by the practice of extorting confessions under torture, next by charges which were either mere attempts at blackmailing or efforts of the accused to protect himself by informing on persons of the highest quality. The public and the magistrates were highly excited and alarmed, and accepted the groans of the tortured, the lies of the guilty, and the babblings of hysteria as good evidence. Hysteria probably began the poison persecutions, just as it began the persecution for witchcraft at Salem. The *pénitenciers* of Notre Dame in 1673 warned the police that hosts of women confessed to having poisoned their husbands. We need not be casuists to recognise here more of hysterical falsehood than of actual guilt; indeed, the police took this view of the case. Then

manifest nonsense, yet it increased the general excitement and alarm. The death of the daughter of Charles I., Henriette d'Orléans, was, of course, attributed to poison, though probably she was no more poisoned than her father had been. A mysterious being called *le grand auteur* was much babbled of by the accused: nobody knows whether there was any such person. For one reason or another, La Voisin chose to implicate ladies and gentlemen who may have visited her from curiosity about fortune-telling, such as the Duchesse de Bouillon and Racine. The Duchesse, a lady of a witty turn, merely played with her examiners. "Did you show La Voisin a large bag of money?" "No, for more reasons than one." "I never should have thought that men so grave and wise would ask so many silly questions." Her sister, the Comtesse de Soissons, fled the country: she had offended Louvois, and dreaded an intrigue on his part. But her character is totally lost, and the Duchesse "had not sufficient for two." When the young Queen of Spain died, the Comtesse being at the Court she was, of course, suspected. The Maréchal de Luxembourg



THE CHITRAL EXPEDITION: WITH GENERAL GATACRE AND THE BUFFS ON THE MARCH.

From a Sketch by Major R. A. Hickson.

This sketch shows the view looking south from the summit of the Lowari Pass. The Buffs started on April 27, at 6 a.m., and did not reach the far side until 4 p.m. Snow fell during part of the journey. A path was made for the baggage and animals by the men marching in front. On the north side much of the baggage was sleighed down.

pair of scented gloves. Consequently, nobody could die without bringing suspicion on his wife, his family, and his friends. From this danger modern science has delivered us. Many new and subtle poisons must now be known, but then they are known only to the scientific, who can detect them if they have been employed. In old times such poisons were the fabled possessions of wise women and fortune-tellers, and such science as existed was powerless to discover them by analysis. Curiously enough, historians, while doubtful about the old traditions, do not seem to call science to their aid, and do not demonstrate that the myths are not only untrue but impossible.

The reign of Louis XIV. was disturbed by "awful revelations" about poison, involving the characters of the most distinguished people; yet, if we examine the archives it begins to seem as if the charges were not only untrue but impossible. The will to murder may have been present, but the subtle arts appear to have been mere fables. A special and secret tribunal was constituted in 1679, but many of the records of its deliberations were destroyed. Hence suspicions yet cling about the memory even of Racine (accused of poisoning an actress), even of Mazarin's nieces, and of the King's mistress, Madame de Montespan. The very Man in the Iron Mask cannot clear his reputation

came the monstrous affair of Madame Brinvilliers, who probably was a homicidal maniac, but even her confessions, under torture, are not good evidence. In September 1677 an anonymous letter denounced a plot to poison the King and the Dauphin; then several adventurers were arrested, and in their lives were traced mysterious relations with Savoy, where Charles Emmanuel II. had died in June 1675. Was he poisoned? Probably not, but a valet told a tale about a poisoned shirt as the cause of the Prince's death. Poisoned shirts now became fashionable in the confessions. The case was dropped, either as involving many people of high rank or because it clearly led to nothing.

Some imprudent words of a fortune-teller led to so many stories of poisoning that in 1679 a special tribunal was constituted to deal with them. Catherine des Hayes, commonly called La Voisin, was arrested. She was a midwife by trade, and added a business in sorcery and general wickedness. "Black Masses," obscene and murderous parodies of the holy rite, were celebrated by her, as by the Maréchal Gilles de Rais in 1430-40. So it was said; but we find one Belot confessing, under torture, that he knew a secret to poison silver dishes and cups, by dint of poisoning a frog in these pieces of plate. People began to carry their own dishes and cups about to dinner parties. A man will say anything under torture. This frog story is

(who surrendered himself) was accused of having made a compact with the devil to secure a good marriage for his daughter with the son of Louvois! He was also said to have tried to poison the brother of an actress and his mistress. Racine had poisoned Mademoiselle du Parc, the actress, and so on.

La Voisin was burned in February 1680, and a number of the records of the trials were burned also. Her accomplices accused Madame de Montespan of winning every step in the King's favour by black and murderous magic, slaughter of children, incantations wrought with their blood, and rites too loathsome for publication. The *esprit* of the Mortemarts can scarcely have sunk so low. If ever the King was ill it was in consequence of these malpractices. The daughter of La Voisin bore witness to all this nonsense. Other accomplices agreed, and implicated the mysterious *grand auteur*. Madame de Montespan herself had participated in the ghastly rites of the Black Mass. Whether there is a grain of truth in the heap of evidence, trebly suspicious, who shall say? The whole affair had much more the aspect of a secret trial for witchcraft than of regular procedure against a practicable crime. The policy of hushing matters up has defeated itself, and we are not even certain whether there was an epidemic of poisoning or only an epidemic of terror.

Enemy with banners.

Enemy with banners.



Baggage passing to camping ground. Buffordshire Regiment firing on the enemy.

Mountain guns shelling the enemy on the heights.

Maxim gun.

60th Rifles.

THE CHITRAL EXPEDITION: THE FIGHT OF APRIL 4, NEAR KHAR.

From a Sketch by Lieutenant Eardley Wilmot Brooke, 60th Rifles.

ART NOTES.

The "big shows" of the season are invariably accompanied by a number of minor exhibitions which deserve more notice than space will often permit. Foremost among these is the Society of Lady Artists, which has now reached its fortieth year, and shows signs of increasing vigour rather than of age and infirmity. Starting in a humble and timorous way, this society has now firmly established itself, and its managers, by the exercise of good taste and judgment, have succeeded in raising year by year the standard of the works exhibited, so that the present collection on view in the Drawing-Room Gallery of the Egyptian Hall can stand upon its own merits, without need of the crutch of public sympathy. It is in the oil pictures especially that this strength is most evident, and the capabilities of the ladies are most obvious. It may be difficult quite to fathom the inner meaning of Mrs. Swynnerton's "Mater Triumphalis," but one cannot question its dignity and beauty as a study of the female figure; while Miss Osborn's "Reed Harvest in Flood Time" shows that in landscape-painting women artists can compete on equal terms with men, although too frequently the latter carry off the money-prizes. Miss Elias's "Moorland Farm" (165), Miss Lovering's "Unfinished Task" (176), Miss Blatherwick's "Ochiltree Braes" (211) are a few among several works which show considerable merit. The water-colours are, as usual, more numerous, and offer a wider field of choice and price. Miss Groatorex's "First Communion" (50) is, perhaps, the most distinctive work, showing strongly a French influence. Miss Helen O'Hara is, as usual, successful with her studies of breaking waves and tumbling seas on the Giant's Causeway. Miss Melicent Grose shows herself equally able to treat with poetic justice "St. Paul's" (114) on a November afternoon, or



Secret Passage

SECRET PASSAGE, WINDSOR CASTLE.

"Houffleur" (138) on a June morning. Miss Lovering's "Old Maid" (134) is a delightful group of children engaged in that exciting game. Mrs. H. Seymour's "View of Callender" (68), Miss Florence Sarah's "Mother and Child" (105), Miss Sloane's "Study of a Head" (18), and a similar subject (355) are all works which deserve notice; and the contributions of Lady Granby, Miss Stewart Ward, Miss Marion Alexander, Miss Julia Matthews, and Miss E. M. Osborn are excellent in their respective lines.

The exhibition of the New English Art Club (Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly) should on no account be missed by those who care to watch the ways and aims of artists who paint "for art's sake." It has been said by some that the present collection shows a decided falling off. It would be more correct to say, from the point of view of the average man, that it shows a falling away from many of the vagaries by which the apostles of New English Art endeavoured to advertise themselves and their wares. There are still enough sufficiently extravagant pictures to give the exhibition its own special tone, and at the same time there are many which prove that the artists have a very fine appreciation of atmospheric effects. Mr. J. Buxton Knight's "Winter Sunshine" (80) is an excellent instance of the latter, and in his larger picture of "Thames Reach" (51) he produces an effect of sunlight through the haze which recalls Vandevelde's riverside scenes. On the other hand, Mr. W. F. Cadby, who in his "Portrait of an Old Man" (53) also seems to go to the Dutch school for his method, has succeeded but indifferently. Mr. H. R. Brabazon's "Impressions of Capri" (4) and "Tangiers" (9) and "Mentone" (18) almost convey a sense of outline as well as of colour; and Mr. D. S. MacColl's "River Landscape" (15) is a delicate and truthful rendering of an avenue of poplars, of which



ENTRANCE TO THE CURFEW TOWER, WINDSOR CASTLE.

the leaves have just caught the first tints of autumn. Mr. Bertram Priestman has found a good subject in "A Blizzard at Sea" (37), and the effect of the driving storm is excellent, but the deep blue sea is too solid in colour and form. Mr. Edward Stott's "Milking-Time" (39) is an admirable instance of mastery over the difficulties of illumination, the cowshed being literally flooded with the early morning light. Mr. Francis Foster follows Mr. Walter Sickert to the music-halls, and has found a good subject at "The Alhambra" (17), which he treats gracefully; and Mr. Angus Bell's "Adagio" (72), a group of ballet-girls rehearsing, shows also a good result in attempting to portray figures in movement. Strangers unacquainted with Mr. D. C. Thompson (70) might infer from Mr. Wilson Steer's portrait that he was a prize-fighter who had recently been taking his benefit; but Mr. George Thomson, also of the New English Art Club, shows in his "Guitar-Player" (47) that it is quite permissible to members to paint smooth faces and soft outlines.

Messrs. Graves's Gallery in Pall Mall is temporarily given up to the exhibition of a small collection of pictures which may fairly claim the attention of all who care for England's honour and for those to whose safe keeping it has at various times been confided. Badajos, Waterloo, Inkerman, and Delhi are names which will for ever be associated with our national history, each furnishing episodes worthy alike of the poet and the painter. Mr. Caton Woodville, who has dealt with the two first-named subjects, is an accomplished draughtsman, who has seen the ways of warfare in modern times and has studied carefully the history of the past. His picture of the taking of Badajos was exhibited at Burlington House last year, and won general admiration. He depicts the moment of the surrender of that stubbornly contested fortress, and shows Wellington picking his way over the ruins of the breach through which the "forlorn hope" had led the final assault. No wonder that the sight moved even the "Iron Duke" to tears as he realised the price at which



THE MANCHESTER CUP.

This cup, run for on June 7, is in the Renaissance style of art, and rich in outline and decoration. The body is ornamented with panels in repoussé. Finely modelled figures of "Truth" and "Prudence" are depicted on either side, supported by brackets, thus forming the handles. Surmounting the whole, "Fame" is represented. The vase stands on an ebony plinth, decorated with a shield and wreath of laurels; lions rampant at each side support shields. The cup has been designed and modelled throughout by Messrs. Elkington and Co., Limited, of St. Ann's Square, Manchester.

success had been purchased. The other picture, "Waterloo" or "1815," represents Napoleon, surrounded by his staff, giving the final and fatal order for the advance of the Old Guard against the British lines, which lie concealed behind the rising ground in front. To the right the Prussians are advancing, perilously threatening the French flank, which is being weakened by this withdrawal of its tried troops. The fault of the picture is that, unlike those of Meissonier dealing with similar subjects, the interest is not sufficiently concentrated, and the eye wanders over the field of battle in search of fresh excitement. Mr. Vereker Hamilton's "Storming of the Cashmere Gate," although full of dramatic effect, is wanting in personal interest—the bare walls and the plank bridge across which access was obtained are rather overpowering than suggestive of the deadly struggle. In this respect Mr. Robert Gibb's "Saving the Colours" is by far the most satisfactory. He has seized the moment when Lieutenant Verschoyle and his handful of men have fought their way back with the battered colours of the Grenadier Guards, which it was thought by all had been lost in the fierce fight that for six hours in the grey November morning had raged upon the heights of Inkerman. The story of the rescue is too well known to need repeating, and Mr. Gibb may be congratulated on having transferred it to canvas in a way which will make it live.

Whatever issues from the Goupil Gallery is certain, from a technical point, to be as near perfection as photogravure can attain. The two most recent publications from this source are of pictures by Mr. Heywood Hardy, and are no exceptions to the general rule. On this occasion Messrs. Boussod, Valadon have enlisted the services of a thoroughly English artist—a good sportsman in every sense of the word, and one who may be trusted to give a faithful idea of sport. The two pictures



THE CURFEW TOWER, WINDSOR CASTLE.

"Rabbit-Shooting" and "Snipe-Shooting" are admirably adapted for the country houses of those who can pursue either or both sports, and will be equally acceptable to those who, "in city pent," like to refresh themselves with the thought and sight of what their country cousins can enjoy.

SECRET PASSAGE AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

A work of considerable interest—the connection of the secret passage under Thames Street with the Curfew Tower—has just been carried out at Windsor Castle. This early specimen of the subterranean sallyports constructed during the feudal period was accidentally discovered about forty years ago, during the progress of some drainage operations. Very few people are aware of its existence, as it has been practically closed, the only means of reaching it up to the present having been through the flooring of one of the lay clerks' rooms in the Horse Shoe Cloisters. The beautifully vaulted passage is constructed of finely worked blocks of chalk, its broad steps being of the same material. The surface water has percolated through the roof, and the steps are consequently slippery, rendering any exploration of the place somewhat risky. Workmen have now linked the upper extremity of the sallyport with a small apartment attached to the belfry-tower, whence this remarkable example of early masonry can be more easily visited. The passage, on leaving the Curfew Tower, runs down inside the castle wall and then under Thames Street and the shops on the west side of that thoroughfare towards the river. At the time of our correspondent's visit the bottom of the underground passage was choked with debris, and the precise locality of its exit has, it is believed, never been ascertained. The accompanying drawings were sketched entirely from memory. They give, however, a tolerably fair idea of the aspect of this curious relic of the restless times which rendered necessary such a means of escape from the castle.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

To those who, like myself, cross the Straits of Dover more frequently than the Thames, the late Duke of Hamilton was a familiar figure. I do not know if he made the Grand Hotel his headquarters in Paris, but day after day I met him there, comfortably ensconced in one of those roomy cane chairs arranged for the accommodation of visitors and their friends at the top of that shallow flight of steps facing the principal entrance. He was not the man to pass unnoticed in a crowd, and least of all in a crowd made up mostly of Continental people, scarcely one of whom reached to his shoulders.

But though noticeable to a degree, his appearance did not tally in the least with the ordinary Continental's conception of a duke. I do not suppose for an instant that they expect a duke to go about with his coronet on his brow, but I fancy that the generality draw the line at a bowler hat and big-checked suit, and I have rarely seen his Grace in the daytime in any other kind of garment. Hence the only possible answer I could make to inquiries as to his name was invariably received with an expressive shrug of incredulity. "That a duke? A bookmaker more likely," was the general retort. As I did not care to be suspected

the first water, frequently went to the shop after rehearsals. One afternoon she went in while one of the shopmen was busy packing a hamper for Nicholas I. Among the delicacies there were a dozen magnificent quails on a silver skewer. "I want these," said Rachel, in the imperious way she adopted now and then. "You will have to wait, my little woman," replied Madame Bontoux, shaking her head in her enormous bonnet which seemed a fixture; no one had ever seen her without it. Then Rachel toned down. "I will give you ten francs apiece for them," she said. "Not for ten crowns a piece," came the retort, and in a voice which left the great actress no doubt as to its meaning.

Rachel was disappointed, and rose from her chair to go. Just when she had reached the door an idea flashed on her. She turned round and began to recite the famous lines from Corneille's "Horace." The effect was electrical on the shopman, who dropped the quails. Madame Bontoux was not so easily impressed. She kept shaking her head just as if to say, "You may save yourself the trouble, my girl," but all of a sudden when Rachel brought out the last line—

Moi seule en être cause et mourir de plaisir!

she jumped up. "Give her the dozen quails and a pheasant

FORMOSA.

In explanation of the sketches of Formosa events which appear in this issue, a correspondent writes as follows: The fort on Saracen's Head is separated from the mainland by a large, shallow lagoon, about seven miles long and from one to three miles wide. Up till recently the garrison ran the risk of being completely cut off from any chance of retreat. General Lee, who is in command of the district, recognising the danger, ordered a bridge to be constructed across to the mainland. Stout bamboo trestles were driven in, and smaller bamboos laid along, and in less than three days the bridge, nearly one mile and a half long, was completed.

Mines are laid across the fairway for ships attempting to enter the harbour. They are intended to be fired from the North Gate Fort by electricity. Placed as they are so close to the shore, they are only of use against torpedo-boats and small craft. It seems that nothing will teach the Chinese the fallacy of the idea that a fort is only to be attacked from the front; they still persist in occupying their whole time piling obstacles in their front and leaving the rear quite open. One thing they never forget, that is to leave a good road for retreat.

Takow is a place of considerable interest just now, on account of its being possibly a point of attack of the



THE "BLACK FLAGS" IN FORMOSA: CONSTRUCTING A BAMBOO BRIDGE ACROSS THE LAGOON, BY WHICH TO RETREAT WHEN THE JAPANESE ATTACK THE FORTS.

Sketch by Lieutenant A. W. Wyld, R.M.S. "Leander."

of trying to mystify people I left off answering, or said in a casual way, "An English betting man, I fancy."

One day, some fourteen or fifteen years ago, I was standing in the shop of the celebrated Madame Bontoux when the Duke of Hamilton strolled in. He had been examining the wares from the outside, and without saying a word, merely continued to examine. "I wonder how long he is going to stare at my things," said Madame Bontoux in a loud tone, for she was not at all particular whom she offended. Then, turning to the assistant, she said louder still, "Just keep your eyes on that fellow; I do not like the looks of him."

Madame Bontoux was a character. Outwardly something like the effigy of Madame Tussaud as we see it in the galleries in the Marylebone Road; inwardly a tyrant, never amenable to reason and often acting on the whim of the moment, she would only sell her wares to those whom she liked, and those whom she did not like might offer her a hundred times their value in vain. I have left the late Duke of Hamilton standing in Madame Bontoux's shop, and must leave him there for another minute in order to give an instance of Madame Bontoux's arbitrariness.

The Rue de l'Echelle being close to the Comédie Française, Rachel, who was a *gourmande* and a *gourmet* of

besides." Wonderful to relate, the enormous bonnet had got pushed on one side.

Well, I was standing in Madame Bontoux's shop when the Duke of Hamilton strolled in. He had been examining the wares from the outside, and without saying a word, merely continued to examine. "I wonder how long he is going to stare at my things," said Madame Bontoux in a loud tone, for she was not at all particular whom she offended. Then, turning to the assistant, she said louder still, "Just keep your eyes on that fellow; I do not like the looks of him."

Then the Duke broke his silence. "You go on making remarks, Madame," he said in excellent French. "Meanwhile I will go on looking. When I have finished, you or your assistant may search me. Oh, by-the-bye; will you mind sending these to the Prince of Wales?" he added, handing her a long list.

Two days afterwards I went into the shop again. "You remember the young fellow who came here the day before yesterday?" were Madame Bontoux's first words when she saw me. I nodded assent. "It was the Duke of Hamilton, a relative of Napoleon III. He does not look like a duke, he looks like a *sportman*"—without the s, Mr. Printer. In that respect there was no divergence of opinion between Madame Bontoux and the rest of the ordinary observers.

Japanese, Formosa being excluded from the armistice, and also on account of the threatening attitude of the garrison towards the European residents, entailing the presence of English men-of-war for their protection. The General threatens to sink a number of junks laden with stones across the entrance, with a view to preventing ships going either in or out. This was done ten years ago, in the time of the French and Chinese war, and was found not to answer, for as soon as the obstruction reached a certain height, stones and junks together were swept away by the tide, which rushes through the entrance with great force, and in less than forty-eight hours the channel was as free as ever. Nearly every day some petty outrage or act of annoyance occurs on the part of the soldiers towards the residents, and it is next to impossible to detect the culprits.

The General conducts his inspection seated in a chair, carried by four coolies. His bodyguard consists of about a dozen "Braves," armed with a strange assortment of ancient and modern weapons. Their uniform is the ordinary loose blue coat, trimmed with red, with a large white disc on the chest and back, forming a first-class bull's-eye for the enemy's rifle fire. In addition, they wear enormous straw hats, about the most cumbersome and impractical head-gear for a soldier that could possibly be devised, and quite unnecessary, for the lower orders of Chinese usually go bareheaded in the hottest sun. As the General passes, the soldiers salute by kneeling down and touching the ground with their foreheads, a subjection which is more simulated than real.

SKETCHES IN FORMOSA.

By Lieutenant A. W. Wylde, H.M.S. "Leander."



"BLACK FLAG" SOLDIERS LAYING DOWN MINES AT THE ENTRANCE TO TAKOW HARBOUR.



THE GENERAL OF THE "BLACK FLAGS" INSPECTING THE FORTIFICATIONS AT TAKOW.



SOMETHING FOR DOLLIE.—BY W. SPRENGER.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Several correspondents have written to me lately on the subject of tubercle-germs in butter. The report of the Royal Commission on tuberculosis has suggested this topic. My correspondents inquire whether I know of any definite experiments or investigations which have been made on the subject of tubercle bacilli in butter. I reply that some time ago in this column I referred to this very topic in connection with some notes which Mrs. Grace Frankland had culled from a foreign source, if I mistake not. No one can doubt that if tubercle bacilli can and do exist in milk and cream, they must also be capable of living in butter. When, however, the direct questions arise: how long can the bacilli survive in butter, and is there any evidence that they are capable of conveying infection in this way? I can only reply to both queries, "Nobody knows." I should very much doubt, however, the likelihood of infection arising from butter. I may be wrong, but when one thinks of the processes through which butter has to pass in the course of its manufacture compared with the natural and direct form in which milk is consumed, one is justified in holding that germ vitality notwithstanding, the risk of infection from butter must be extremely small. If any of my readers have notes of researches in connection with this butter question I shall be indebted to them if they will forward me any references to such investigations. The topic is evidently one in which the public take a large amount of interest, and it is my desire always to be as helpful to my readers as possible.

I notice in the pages of the *Lancet* a criticism by Dr. L. G. Guthrie of Dr. G. Wyld's views on chloroform administration with reference to the mental states induced thereby. Dr. Wyld's contention was that curious and, perchance, valuable psychological experiences might be derived from the study of persons under the influence of anaesthesia. I ventured to suggest that it was difficult to see how anything more than a subjective and partly personal experience could be claimed for such experiments, and that we might as well predicate valuable results from dreams as from anaesthesia. At the same time, I asked my readers for any experiences they might be able to record by way of testing Dr. Wyld's theory, but up to the date of writing no such records have come to hand.

Dr. Guthrie takes much the same view of Dr. Wyld's ideas that I myself formulated. He repeats the analogy betwixt dreams and the anaesthetic state. He concludes his remarks with the words that "to base an experimental science of psychology on the evidence of dreams, whether of the sound or unsound mind, is to start on false premises, to appeal from Philip sober to Philip drunk, and Philip himself reversed this order of things." At the same time one can excuse the general tendency which exists to discover in dreams and like states some mystical analogy to the theoretical borderland betwixt the seen and unseen, over which many earnest souls enough puzzle and perplex themselves and other people. From the servant-girl with her "dream-book," anxious to discover the meaning of the auguries of the night, to the person of culture who can relate (usually years afterwards, when all cross-examination is impossible) dreams which "came true," there is a widely diffused tendency to believe in dreams as portents. Probably this is a legacy from our ancestry, whose belief in dreams and visions was, of course, natural and fixed. I know people of great intelligence who look with horror on one's scepticism about dreams, and who will not regard with patience one's contention that all dreams must mean something or must mean nothing. They pick and choose their dreams, although they are utterly unable to say why Providence (as they put it) should vouchsafe to warn them in one case of events to come or transpiring elsewhere, and not in another and equally or more needful case. The dream is simply the work of our lower and wakeful brain-centres, which contrive sometimes to construct a fairly natural chain of circumstances, and at other times only succeed in hatching up a distorted and ridiculous concatenation of absurdities.

I observe that certain interesting facts have been reported with regard to the influence of sunshine on animals which have been infected with disease-producing bacilli. Thus, guinea-pigs inoculated with tubercle bacilli, and exposed to sunshine for five or six hours daily, succumbed in periods varying from twenty-four days to eighty-nine days. Another set, not so exposed, died in from twenty to forty-one days. The suggestion conveyed by these facts is the influence of sunlight in warding off, or at least delaying, disease progress, and this is a result quite consistent with what has already been experimentally proved regarding the killing influence of sunlight on disease germs themselves. But if this is the case with regard to tubercle bacilli, especially, the reverse appeared to be the case where the germs of cholera and typhoid fever were employed. Fatal results were accelerated by exposure to sunshine after inoculation, and also when the animals had been so exposed prior to being infected. The different results obtained in the case of the tubercle bacilli and those of cholera and typhoid fever may perhaps best be explained on the simple ground of the different habits and constitution of these germs. Cholera, it is pointed out, is emphatically a disease of hot climates, and flourishes in Europe in the summer season. Sunlight and heat, favourable to cholera attack, present reverse conditions to the tubercle bacilli, which emphatically seem to be the children of darkness.

Among books lately published which may be of interest to the readers of this column I may mention a "Primer of Evolution," by E. Clodd (Longmans), and "The Story of Man," by the same author (G. Newnes, Limited), two little books which give the outlines of two very big subjects. "The Elements of Health," by Dr. Louis Parker (Churchill), is a readable text-book of sanitation such as can be "understood of the people," and Dr. Yorke Davies' "Health and Conditions in the Active and Sedentary" (Sampson Low) is also an excellent manual for those interested in personal hygiene.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

W HAMPTON (Mill Lane).—We do not quite agree with you in the opinion expressed. The player in question is a master of both games, but probably he was speaking from a purely professional standpoint, and of that nobody could be a better judge than himself.

W P HIND.—Your favourable criticism of Mr. Healey's problem—endorsed by many other correspondents—is well deserved.

H B JACKSON (Savu Savu, Fiji).—Your solutions are correct. We are most pleased to receive them from such distant correspondents. The problems sent are identical, except that the New Zealand copy of ours is not exact as regards the White Queen. The clever composer, we regret to say, has since died.

S P PAVRI (Borah Bazaar).—Two or more Queens, and three or more Rooks, Bishops, Knights, are not allowed in the initial position of a problem, but are permitted in the course of solution. The problem to which you correctly impute two solutions appeared through an oversight.

W E THOMPSON.—Problem shall receive attention.

J M K LUTTON (Richmond).—Problem to hand with thanks.

C W (Sunbury).—If Black play 1. B to B5th we see no mate in two more moves.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2634, 2643 to 2646 received from Henry B Jackson (Savu Savu, Fiji); of No. 2663 and 2664 from Dr A R V Sastry (Mysore) and W D (Chatham, Ont.); of No. 2666 from F C Württele (Toronto), Franklin Institute, and James M K Lupton; of No. 2667 from E G Boys and James M K Lupton; of No. 2668 from Walter Lewis, E G Boys, J D Tucker (Leeds), James M K Lupton, H S Brandreth, Herbert Russell (Leicester), W E Thompson, Sergeant J T Palmer (Rochdale), W Adams (Hawthurst), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), F R Barratt (Northampton), Professor Charles Wagner, Leopold Wagner (Vienna), and Herbert Prodhon (Pickering).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2669 received from J S Wesley (Exeter), J F Moon, W Wright, Dr F St, J D Tucker (Leeds), the Rev. C T Salusbury, Shadforth, Herbert Russell, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), F Waller (Luton), Fr Fernando (Glasgow), W R Baillem, C E Perugini, Alpha, Leon Guinet (Lyons), Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), E Loudon, T Roberts, R Worters (Canterbury), R H Brooks, Oliver Iengla, Sorrento, Bryn Melyn (Penmaenmawr), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), Martin P, Ubique, M Burke, J Walron, W P Hind, Admiral J Halliday Cave, and F Fuller (Manchester).

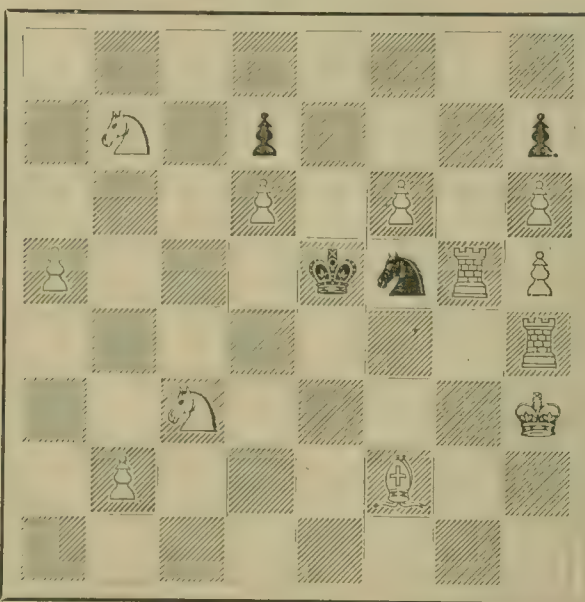
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2668.—By W. FINLAYSON.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to Q 6th. Any move.
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2671.

By REGINALD KELLY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN NEW YORK.

Game played at the Manhattan Chess Club, New York, Messrs. F. J. LEE and S. LIPSCHULTZ consulting against Messrs. J. W. SHAWALTER and L. SCHMIDT.

(Vienna Opening.)

WHITE (Lee and L.)	BLACK (Shawalter and S.)	WHITE (Lee and L.)	BLACK (Shawalter and S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	14. P to B 3rd	Q to Q 2nd
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	15. B to K 3rd	Castles (Q R)
3. P to K Kt 3rd		16. Q to B 2nd	
Favoured by Paulsen and others in preference to the more aggressive play of P to K B 4th.		Q to Q 2nd is suggested as superior.	
3. B to B 4th		17. P takes P (en pas.)	P to K B 4th
It is probably stronger to play at once P to Q 4th, but the move made is also of considerable force.		18. R to K Kt sq	P takes P
4. B to Kt 2nd	Kt to B 3rd	19. P takes P	Q takes P (ch)
5. K Kt to K 2nd	P to Q R 3rd	20. K to K sq	R to R 7th
Making room for the Bishop to retreat in case of Kt to Q R 4th.		21. Kt to Kt 3rd	Q to K 3rd
6. P to Q 3rd	Kt to K Kt 5th	22. Kt to B sq	R (at R7) to R sq
7. Castles	P to K R 4th	23. B to K 4th	Q R to B sq
Evidently intending the sacrifice which follows.		24. Q to R 4th	Q to B 2nd
8. P to K R 3rd	P to R 5th	A very subtle move, the effect of which, partly owing to want of time, the White allies failed to appreciate.	
9. P takes Kt.	P takes P	25. Kt to Kt 4th	
10. P to Kt 5th		Fatal. There was still a chance by playing Kt to Kt 6th (ch), followed by B takes Kt. It would, at all events, have destroyed the very fine combination which now ensues.	
The reply to Kt takes P is obviously Q to R 5th, and then Black wins at least a piece back.		25. R to R 6th	R takes B
11. R takes P	P takes P (ch)	26. K to Q 2nd	R takes B
12. Kt to Q 5th	B takes R (ch)	27. Kt takes R	Q to B 7th (ch)
13. K takes B	B to Kt 5th	28. K to B sq	Q takes Kt (ch)
		Black wins.	

"Select End-Games." Edited and arranged by E. Freeboroughs (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co., London).—This is a little volume supplementary to the editor's previous work on chess-endings. It is a careful selection from actual play of typical positions in which the game can be forced, and illustrates the principle laid down in "Chess Opening, Ancient and Modern" that an attack with four pieces will usually prove successful. Excellent judgment is, of course, shown in the choice of games, and the collection is undoubtedly a fine one. Viewed as a text-book, however, the analysis proves no more than certain possibilities of position, and we are afraid nothing less than positive genius will enable students to reproduce such brilliant style in their own play.

An Amateur Championship Tournament under the auspices of the British Chess Association and the Southern Counties Chess Union, and in co-operation with the Hastings Executive, will be played at Hastings, commencing on Monday, Aug. 13, and terminating on the following Saturday. The entrance-fee will be one guinea. The date has been arranged so that play may take place during the closing stage of the Masters' Tournament, it being considered that this will attract several players to the district. The British Chess Association has promised to present, for competition, its Challenge Cup, which carries with it the title of Amateur Champion, and which will be held by the winner for one year. Other valuable prizes will also be presented.

May 30 was the hottest day in May in London since 1868. The maximum temperature was 86°2. And on this remarkably warm day Dr. W. G. Grace added to his already wonderful record by scoring 160 runs. Mr. T. G. Bowles, M.P., whose name is suggested by the champion cricketer's achievement, signalled the day by appearing in the House of Commons in white duck trousers.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Every second woman or so in London wears a wide collar instead of a mantle. The favourite shape for these little adornments is square, both over the shoulders and at the front and back, and the material best worn is fine lawn, infinitesimally tucked, and preferably further trimmed with insertions and edgings of Valenciennes. Collarettes of shaped guipure or Venetian rose point (imitation, of course, but so well done that at a little distance the effect is identical with the real) are also a good finish. Another feature of the season's costume is the wearing of blouses different from the skirt; crêpon skirts or those of some of the various forms of black silks, bengaline, faille, or for more dressy occasions moiré, go well with bright and pretty fancy silks, of which there is such an abundant choice this year. Shot, chené, and patterned glacés are all charming; one's only difficulty is to choose amid so much beauty. The glacés are, I think, the most girlish and summery. Shot silks and the blurred chené silks are more stately.

A deliciously cool and cool-looking material that is having a great run is alpaca. It has a silky surface, it does not crumple, the dust shakes off it, and its substance is sufficiently substantial to make a wide skirt "sit" round the bottom nicely. It makes up capitally with a perfectly plain, moderately wide, and well-gored skirt, and a little open coat, cut with a full smart short basque. Wide square revers or a sailor collar should finish the throat, and a blouse front of silk or lace or silk muslin, either in a corresponding shade, or white, or a harmony, with pretty buttons, makes the centre. For stout ladies it is best to have the coat, though the fronts are turned back and it falls apparently loose, yet really fastened on to a fitted lining that hooks firmly across the figure, and is covered by the box-pleat or other drapery on the front. Yet another of the fashions that are really being worn is having the sleeves of a different material from the rest of the dress; in this case it is obviously needful that the material to which such pointed attention is drawn shall be of the handsomest and richest brocade or (for a matron) Lyons velvet. The sleeves and skirt, however, may be of one and the same fabric and the rest of the bodice of another, and then a less gorgeous fabric will serve the turn than when it makes sleeves alone. A cape and skirt of one material, and blouse of another, is often to be seen. Bows at the back of the neck, or full puffs of the folded collar-band arranged at the side of the throat, are so universal that some of the best-dressing women are tired of them, and are having huge bows under the chin, standing out very wide, in place of the other and older fashion. However, something wide at the throat is needful to balance when the sleeves and headgear are wide.

Here are a few good dresses noted at recent "functions."

A gown of glacé silk, the ground cream and the pattern tiny pink rosebuds, some in bunches, some single flowers; the skirt was much gored but untrimmed, the bodice had the front turned back with huge revers passing into a square collar over the shoulders, which was faced with pink silk covered with soft Valenciennes; a frill of silk muslin made the vest. A silk shot with three colours, the ground almost butter-colour and the shadings pink and green, had a plain skirt and a bodice with wide collar covered with guipure and edged with a lovely passementerie of beads in all the colours of the shadows of the silk; the sleeves were green velvet, and the front was green chiffon folded prettily to a point at the waist. A black crêpon skirt with a wide water-wave silk stripe running round-wise was worn with a blouse of peach-coloured glacé with pin spots all over it, and having wide bretelles to the bust of plain peach satin covered with guipure, ending on the bosom under rosettes of the fancy silk. A white crêpon flecked with green had sleeves of a magnificent purple-flowered black brocade satin, and was trimmed round the bottom and halfway up at each side with the same brocade made into a bouillonnée pleating. A prettier though less magnificent gown was worn by the younger lady with the one whose dress was just mentioned. It was a pale green alpaca, the sleeves very wide at the top and sloping to fit close below the elbow, where a cuff of white muslin tucked and edged with the tiniest frill of lace was added, and the bodice of the same material was trimmed with a corresponding white muslin collar or pèlerine, long ends falling from it nearly to the feet; the collar band and belt were black satin. A black crêpon skirt was worn with a bodice of white chiffon, accordion-pleated, and finished with bretelles of white satin worked with jet. A pink glacé brocade with tiny white roses went with a blouse of white glacé almost covered with black fine grenadine, a big square collar of white satin piped round with three rows of pink satin giving great distinction. Pink is very fashionable this season, but it is a trying colour to all but those fresh girlish complexions that owe nothing to the powder-puff and the rouge-pot. Those who are not the happy possessors of such a complexion ought to modify the pink near the face with black, or even with white. The scientific reason is as clear as the practical fact—it is that all colours throw on the face not so much their own shadow as that of their "complementary colour," so that pink near the face adds a pale greenish-yellow to the skin, and only the clearest and most pure complexions can stand a tinge of this added. If you want to know what is a "complementary colour," look hard for half a minute by the watch at something bright red, and then for a similar time stare at a sheet of white paper, and you shall see what you shall see!

It is well when "bold advertisement" turns to humanitarian service. During the present spell of hot weather it is a pleasure to see the dogs slaking their thirst at the little stone troughs that the proprietor of the well-known cleansing adjunct, "Hudson's Soap," supplies to stand at the shop doors of his tradesmen customers. No fewer than twenty-five thousand shopkeepers have been humane enough to take these troughs into use at their doors on Mr. Hudson's invitation.

Now that races, water-parties, and picnics, as well as ball suppers, are in full swing, it is in season to mention that Poulton and Noel's "Belgravia" delicacies cut up very nicely for such occasions; their ox-tongue and pressed beef are both excellent.



WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

BROOKE'S

WON'T WASH CLOTHES.

MONKEY BRAND

SOAP

FOR CLEANING, SCOURING AND SCRUBBING FLOORS AND KITCHEN TABLES.

For Polishing Metals, Marble, Paint, Cutlery, Crockery, Machinery, Baths, Stair Rods.

FOR STEEL, IRON, BRASS AND COPPER VESSELS, FIRE IRONS, MANTELS, &c.

REMOVES RUST, DIRT, STAINS, TARNISH, &c.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 17, 1865) of Mr. George Cutt, of Stanley House, Nightingale Lane, Wandsworth Common, who died on Nov. 29, was proved on May 15 by Mrs. Annie Cutt, the widow, the value of the personal estate amounting to £108,940. The testator gives his residence, with the furniture, effects, horses and carriages, and £10,000 to his wife; £2000 to his niece, Sarah Ann Routledge; £500 to his sister Elizabeth Haigh; and legacies to godchildren and others. In consequence of the death of his brother, William Cutt, in his lifetime, the direction in his will that in such event the residue of his real and personal estate is to be divided into four equal parts takes effect. One of such parts the testator leaves to his brother-in-law, John Hough, but if he shall predecease him then to his niece, Sarah Ann Routledge, and the two surviving sons of his late sister, Mary; one other of such parts, upon trust, for his sister Elizabeth Haigh, her husband, and children; one other of such parts, upon trust, for his sister Hannah Mawo, for life, and then for her children; and the remaining one fourth part to his sister Catherine Lloyd, but if she shall predecease him, to her husband, Christopher Lloyd, and if both shall predecease him, then to his said sister's children.

The will (dated Sept. 15, 1892), with a codicil (dated June 22, 1894), of Mr. Edwin King, of Elm Lodge, Fitzroy Park, Highgate, who died on March 31, was proved on May 20 by Mrs. Susannah Louisa King, the widow, and Mark William King, the brother, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £98,611. The testator leaves £300 and his wines, consumable stores, horses and carriages to his wife; Elm Lodge, with the plate, pictures, furniture, and effects for the use of his wife during widowhood, and then settles the same on his son Edwin James; £1200 per annum to his wife during widowhood, and if she marries again £300 per annum for life; £150 per annum for the maintenance of each child until eighteen, then £300 per annum until twenty-five; on sons attaining the latter age they are each to be paid either £550 per annum, or a capital sum of £9000, at their option; and on daughters attaining twenty-five they are to be paid £400 per annum. There are also some legacies to relatives and others. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be held upon trust to apply the income in payment of any mortgage debts; and then £9000 to each of his sons if they have not already exercised their option to receive same. The income of the ultimate residue he gives to all his children in equal shares, and on their respective deaths their shares of the residue are to be divided between their children.

The will (dated Jan. 25, 1895) of Mr. Charles Gonne, C.S.I., formerly of the Bombay Civil Service, and late of Ascot Lodge, Ascot, Berks, and 25, Ovington Square, who died on April 1 at Brighton, was proved on May 25 by Henry Gonne and Arthur Edward Gonne, the sons, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £75,322. The testator leaves all his property upon trust, the income arising therefrom to be equally divided between his five children, Henry, Katharine, Charles

Melville, Mary Kemble, and Arthur Edward, and the capital to be preserved and passed on to the generation of his grandchildren.

The will (dated Aug. 26, 1884), with a codicil (dated March 6, 1891) of Mr. Francis James, F.S.A., J.P., of Edgeworth Manor, Gloucestershire, and of Queensferry House, 190, Cromwell Road, Kensington, who died on March 12, was proved on May 4 by Arthur John James, the son, the Rev. Edward James, the brother, and Henry Webb, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £60,161. The testator gives his copyhold property at Peakirk, Northamptonshire, to his son Arthur John; all his books, pictures, and drawings, except "The Interior of St. Stephens, Vienna," by Roberts, and "Waiting for the Tide," by Stanfield, left to him by Lady Tite, to his child who shall at his death succeed to the ultimate residue under the will of Sir William Tite, but such child is given the option of purchasing the said two pictures for £1000 each; Edgeworth Manor and all other his real estate, charged first with the payment of £19,000 in augmentation of his personal estate, to his child or grandchild who shall succeed to Sir William Tite's ultimate residue; £200 each to his executors; and an annuity of £50 to Miss Jane Foakes, a friend of his late wife. All his leasehold property and the residue of his personal estate he leaves equally to all his children, except his child who succeeds to the said ultimate residue.

The will (dated June 9, 1888) of Mr. William Mortimer, J.P., of Mount Cleves, Niton, Isle of Wight, who died on March 25, was proved on May 6 by Henry Mortimer, the brother, and Miss Emily Howe Mortimer, the sister, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £54,973. The testator gives £500 each to his brothers John and Henry; and the residue of his real and personal estate to his sister Emily Howe Mortimer for her own absolute use and benefit.

The will (dated Dec. 5, 1891) of Captain William Henry Coape Oates, J.P., of Langford Hall, Notts, who died on March 8, was proved on May 22 by Mrs. Sophia Oates, the widow, Francis Hamer Oates, the son, John Henry Becher, and Martin Madan, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £31,700. The testator bequeaths £1000 to his wife; and legacies to his executors, Mr. Becher and Mr. Madan, godchild, and servants; there are also several specific bequests to his wife and sons. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, on certain conditions for his wife during widowhood; then as to £5000 for his son Francis Hamer, and as to the ultimate residue for his eldest son William Coape.

The will (dated July 21, 1893) of Mr. Charles Gordon Holdforth, of Sandfield House, Headingley, Leeds, who died on April 4, was proved at the Wakefield District Registry on May 9 by George Holdforth Thompson, the nephew, Joshua Bowes Brooke, and Lewis Motley, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £26,272. The testator bequeaths £300 each to St. Mary's Roman Catholic Presbytery and St. Mary's Orphanage,

both of Richmond Hill, Leeds; £200 each to the Little Sisters of the Poor (Bellevue Road, Burley-in-Leeds) and the Roman Catholic Cathedral of Saint Ann, Leeds; £100 each to the Women and Children's Hospital (Leeds), the Roman Catholic Chapel (Wetherley, Yorkshire), the Roman Catholic Chapel (Harrogate), the Roman Catholic Chapel of Saint Mary (Horsforth), St. John's Deaf and Dumb Institute (Boston Spa, Yorkshire), and the Leeds United Institution for the Blind, Deaf, and Dumb; and considerable legacies to or upon trust for his sisters, sisters-in-law, niece, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his nephew, George Holdforth Thompson.

The will and codicil of the Right Hon. Harriet Lydia, Countess Dowager of Portarlington, of Farnham Cottage, Farnham Royal, Bucks, who died on Nov. 23, were proved on May 22 by the Hon. Elizabeth Montagu, the sister, and Lewin Charles Cholmeley, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £9764.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of Mr. Frederic Chapman, of 10, Ovington Square, publisher, who died on March 1 intestate, were granted on May 27 to Mrs. Annie Marion Chapman, the widow, the value of the personal estate amounting to £3855.

The will of Mr. George Henry Lawrence, J.P., formerly of the Indian Civil Service, late of Merlwood, Eastbourne, who died on March 11, was proved on May 10 by Mrs. Margaret Lawrence, the widow, Major-General William Beynon, and Alexander John Lawrence, the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £7525. The deceased was the eldest son of General Sir George Birdwood Lawrence, K.C.S.I., and nephew of the late Sir Henry Lawrence.

The will of Mr. Alfred Sassoon, of Weirleigh, Brenchley, Kent, who died on April 18 at Eastbourne, was proved on May 21 by John Donaldson and Herbert George Lousada, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £5350.

The will of Mrs. Cornelia Augusta Hewett Crosse (Mrs. Andrew Crosse), of 32, Delamere Terrace, Westbourne Square, who died on March 2, was proved on May 11 by Ormond Crosse, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £4757.

The will of Lady Emily Jane Digby, of Bellevue, Paignton, Devon, who died on March 28, was proved on May 17 by the Misses Elizabeth Jane Digby and Emily Lucy Neville Digby, the daughters, the executrixes, the value of the personal estate amounting to £2058.

The coaching season in Epping Forest has once more begun, four-in-hands running twice a day for a two or three hours' run through the ancient forest which has become the Londoner's birthright. A variety of routes is offered, and the admirable arrangements at the Royal Forest Hotel, Chingford, the starting-point of the drives, offer every inducement to the traveller who cares to see an ancient British forest in a good old English way.

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THE SALON OF THE CHAMP DE MARS.

In the exhibition of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, known popularly as the "New" Salon, we find, as might be expected, the latest modes in art. Indeed, judging by its evidence alone, we should be justified in believing the assertion now often made that Paris is looking to the English Pre-Raphaelite school for new traditions, were it not that a visit to the older Salon shows that such a statement can only be true so far as young Paris is concerned. In this exhibition we see signs of unrest and experiment, of tentative efforts to obtain new natural effects and fresh schemes of colour, of adventure carried beyond the verge of eccentricity on the one hand, and capturing new domains for art on the other. Here, from the fresco to the poster, from a great ideal painting to a design for a fan or a menu-card, nothing is deemed beyond the scope of artistic achievement. It must needs interest all picture-lovers, since it includes many names high—some, indeed, of the very highest—on the rolls of French art. But the more the visitor is acquainted with the technique of art, and especially with decorative design, the more subjects he will find that demand and repay very careful study. For Paris, by right of her own products and the tradition of years, is still the representative art centre. The supremacy may pass, but as yet the active movements in other countries have not succeeded in out-rivalling the old capital of the arts. This Salon, therefore, is more than a mere picture-show: it is a table of statistics whence the progress or retrogression of art in a great many aspects may be traced. Nor is it by any means given over to the young heroes who are to be forgotten, or become the established leaders, of the new century. Among those exhibiting this year are more notable names than any other gallery in Europe is likely to bring together.

Franco is represented by the president of this society, M. Puvion de Lavallée, who contributes a mural painting destined for the Boston Library. In its present place it is somewhat cold and meagre, but the art of this master is based upon harmonious relation of the picture and its

environment, so that it would be unfair to judge it where it is. J. F. Cazin has many notable landscapes, full of poetry and vigorous brushwork; G. Courtois, J. Israels, J. J. Rousseau, Alfred Stevens, E. Friant, and Dagnan-Bouveret contribute typical works. Here, also, are the newer men: Amant-Jean, with a delightful "Girl with a Peacock" and six portraits; Ary Renan, with but one picture, "La Phalène"; A. Béraud, with five; Hellou, prince of the dry-point, with a group of most dainty work; A. Gandara, whose portraits at the New Gallery won such praise but lately; Sisley (the impressionist once, now a classic), J. E. Blanche (of the New English Art Club), Evenepoel (better known in England for his posters), Aublet, with half-a-dozen works—one, a nude study among white hollyhocks, being altogether delightful—and G. de Latenay, with delicate schemes of colour that seem as if the glass that covers them must be half-opaque. Then, for newer methods, there is Lepère, with his etchings in colours, and Paillard and Delatre, with examples of similar materials; Rivière, with coloured wood blocks, showing a Japanese treatment of transparent pigments; and Roche, with paper embossed to give a bas-relief effect at once novel and artistic. For symbolism we have Carlos Schwabe, and Séon of the Rose-Croix. In sculpture a name without peer—A. Rodin—heads the list; while MacMonnies, Klinger, and others are worthy to be shown in such good society.

At this gallery a brilliant array of Parisian-Americans finds admirable representation: J. W. Alexander, with many distinguished portraits and studies; Alexander Harrison, bent as usual on gaining new effects of the nude in the open air; W. P. Dammert, Gari Melchers, T. Dewing, W. L. Hawkins, and others not yet as well known in London as their merits deserve. Scotland is represented by J. Guthrie, J. Lavery, and E. A. Walton, whose superb portrait of Mrs. Walton, lately in the New Gallery, has been much altered in its colour scheme, the rose colour of the dress giving place to a quiet lavender. Sweden is represented by Zorn and others; Germany by Max Klinger, F. Skarbina, and Max Liebermann; while for

England Sir Edward Burne-Jones contributes "Love among the Ruins," a portrait, and many studies; Walter Crane his "Swan Maidens," H. B. W. Davis several pictures, Robert Fowler two poetic and delicate figure-pieces, J. J. Shannon some notable portraits, E. Stanhope-Forbes "The Way Through the Wood," and William Stott of Oldham his "Genius of the Rose" and "Enchanted Wood."

Eccentricity successful is seen in Bryant's "Idylle," a slim nude figure kissing a red copper-gilt moon; and in Max Klinger's huge "Calvaire" and "Judgment of Paris"; at its less defensible manner in Bosch Reitz's "Dimanche matins," coloured silhouettes of Dutch matrons among straight tree-trunks; and M. Denis's curiously naive treatments of Biblical subjects.

The decorative arts represented include both binding, pottery, stained glass, enamel, wall-papers, and a hundred other subjects, on the lines, more or less, of those shown at the Grafton Gallery a year ago.

Altogether, the show is worth a special trip to Paris; not because it is a collection of masterpieces, for there are some entirely contemptible pictures and other objects; but as a collection of genuine efforts to see beauty in individual ways, experiments in novel materials and methods, it is full of suggestion, and might serve to illustrate an exhaustive monograph on the art of the last days of the nineteenth century at its best, and perhaps—to be quite frank—also at its worst.

From the "Old" Salon you retire with an impression of pictures in multitudes against a red plush background; from the "New" you have a jewelled medley of gorgeous colours, like a page of a missal, a stained-glass window, or a mediæval pageant. As they melt into a confused mental image, the one recalls an auction mart, the other the State apartments of an Oriental monarch. Possibly in the auction-room more masterpieces exist (though the analogy would hardly apply to the "Old" Salon), but in the palace the masterpieces themselves are but a part of the beauty of the whole, and the chamber that contains them but a portion of a still more gorgeous treasure-house.

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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The eloquent Bishop of Derry has been visiting Oxford, and has received a most cordial welcome. Nearly two hundred men assembled in the divinity schools to hear him give a lecture on Christian evidence. Sir G. G. Stokes occupied the chair and introduced the Bishop, who advised his hearers not to fear the larger questions of Biblical criticism. They should remember Dr. Hewell's three conclusions about them: first, that the questions were not of revelation but of interpretation; then that the new interpretation had never left faith less firm than it had found it; and, lastly, that those who clung to the old faith had always been blamed by the next generation. To say that the Bible was worthless if not verbally correct was like throwing away a valuable cheque because the envelope which carried it had been soiled on the journey.

Of the New Testament the Bishop said it was to be believed for five good reasons: the authority of old Christians; the character of Christ, their representative—so noble, so thorough, as to be beyond the possibility of invention by Galilean disciples; the combined simplicity, loftiness, condescension, power, and expansiveness of our Lord's teaching; the absence of any inferior materials; and the power of Christ's resurrection.

In a recent speech the Bishop of London said that there was a time when a bishopric was a pleasant place to occupy. There was a fair income, and not a very great deal to do. He remembered on one occasion a bishop applying to a

Prime Minister for employment on the committees of the House of Lords, and saying, "I am here in London for six months of the year, and I have absolutely nothing to do, and I should be rather glad if Lord Redesdale would put me on some of his committees. I know it is not the usual practice to put bishops on railway committees and the like, but I should rather like the employment." What bishop would say that now? or what bishop would go on any committee if he could help it?

On June 25 Lord Dunraven will bring in a Bill to amend the law as to marriage with a deceased wife's sister. This year the Bill will contain a novel feature. While it enacts that no marriages contracted at home or abroad shall be deemed void or voidable because contracted between a man and his sister-in-law, it excludes marriages solemnised by the clergymen of the Church of England. This is an attempt to disarm the hostility of Churchmen, and I rather think that to some extent it will have that effect.

Mr. Strong's Bampton Lectures at Oxford have been decidedly successful, the attendance being more than maintained to the end. The subject of Christian ethics attracts increasing attention in the Church.

The Bishop of Derry has postponed his Church Congress, and promises to give a statement of his reasons for this decision at an early date.

Father Black writes a neat little letter in reply to Canon Scott Holland. He says: "That any man should be influenced for or against the great principle before us

by the misconduct or otherwise of such a person as myself is to me incredible. For the rest, I am content to observe, with the young lady overheard at the door of St. Paul's: 'Mamma, what a lot of adjectives Mr. Holland knows!'"

The Rev. E. F. Durnford, son of the aged Bishop of Chichester, has accepted the post of Vicar of All Souls', Hastings.

Mr. Gladstone has presented a bell to the newly erected chapel of Selwyn College, Cambridge. The right hon. gentleman was a contemporary of the late Bishop Selwyn, at Eton, and cherishes a deep respect for him in whose honour Selwyn College was founded. It is expected that the college chapel will be opened next October; nearly the whole of its cost has been subscribed.

Arthur Orton, otherwise known as "the Tichborne Claimant," is giving in the *People* weekly instalments of his strange story. The chief personages in the drama have long since died, and the *cause célèbre* excites only a faint interest in the present generation. One wonders if the great trial would have lasted more than twenty days at the present time, when telegraphy and detection have advanced to such a pitch of excellence. There is a pathos in the thought that so many of the ardent supporters of Orton have passed away before the revelation of his secrets; for such a man as the late Mr. Guildford Onslow would surely have been more saddened than pleased by the present unravelling of a mystery in which he implicitly believed.

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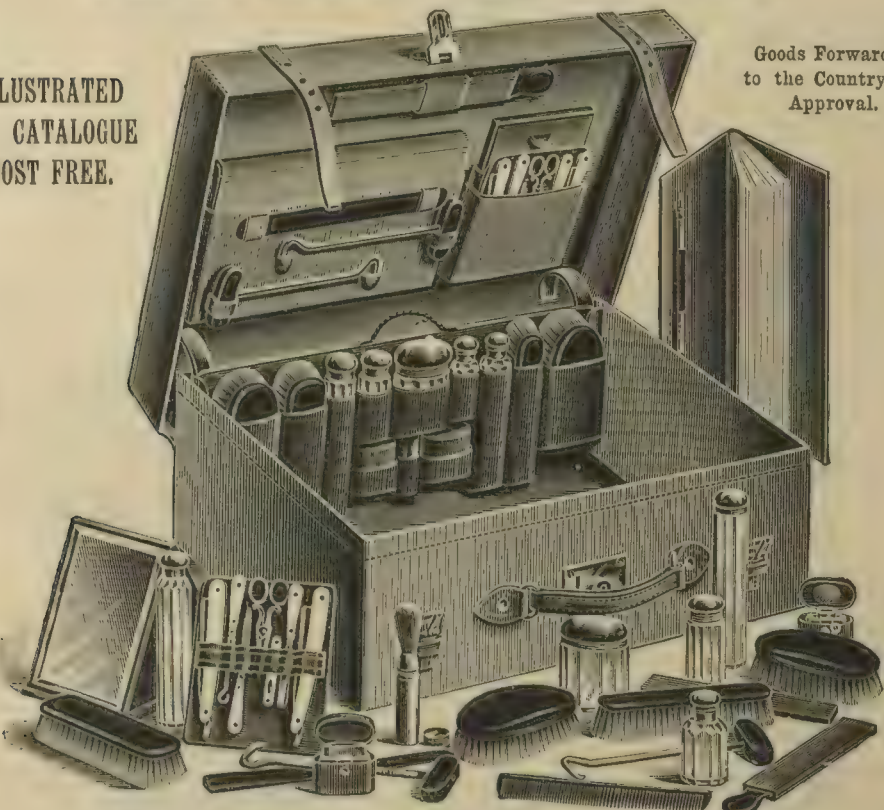
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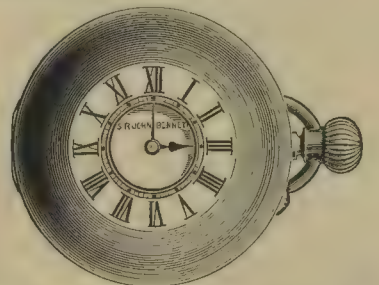


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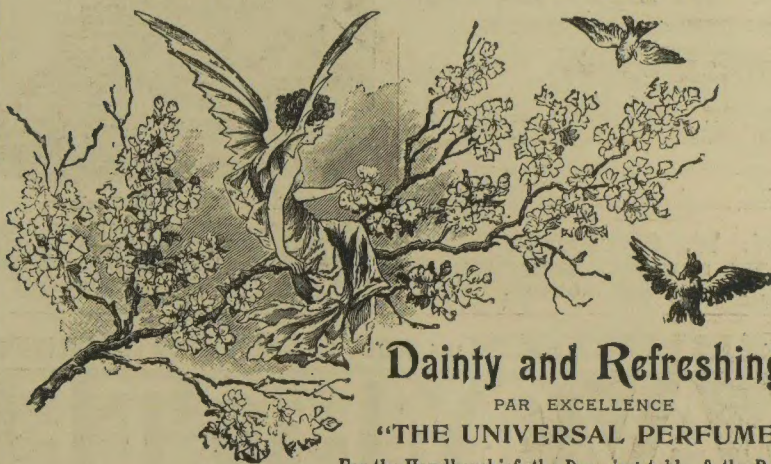
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THE OPERA.

On Tuesday, May 28, the performance of Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette" at Covent Garden once more gave Madame Melba an opportunity of proving the exquisite refinement of her vocal methods. The part is a familiar one with her; but, familiar or not, she has seldom sung it with finer taste and beauty of voice. Alvarez was the Roméo, and showed that he had made very great progress indeed. After Jean de Reszke, he was certainly the most efficient exponent of the part. The opera was excellently performed on all hands.

On Saturday, June 1, Madame Melba again triumphed in "Rigoletto," her performance even eclipsing the achieve-

ment of previous days. It would be difficult to imagine anything more perfect than her singing in the quartet, wherein she rose with her voice like a bird with wings into the air. Signor de Lucia was a sufficiently interesting Duke, but Signor Ancona was far too dull and heavy as the Dwarf: he sang well, but he aroused no enthusiasm by his manner, which exaggerated all the gloom and lacked all the humour of his part. The chorus and orchestra, too, were less satisfactory than they have been on previous occasions.

The Philharmonic concert of Thursday, May 30, must rank among the disappointments of a disappointing season of Philharmonic concerts. Mr. Leonard Borwick, indeed,

played a Beethoven concerto for pianoforte and orchestra with exquisite lightness, delicacy, and strength; and Mrs. Henschel sang, none so badly, that ancient concert favourite, "Lusinghe più care." During the introduction she showed her evident impatience when the orchestra played at the conventional, customary, and (we should have said) correct pace, and when her turn came she sang with the rapidity of Mr. Grossmith in a Sullivan patter-song; still, as we say, she sang none so badly. The second part of the concert was occupied by Dr. Parry's "Cambridge" Symphony. It is a clever, solid, elaborate work, containing a good deal of reminiscence, but it would be more attractive if it were not somewhat charged with dullness.

DEATH.

On May 2, 1895, at Santos, South America, of yellow fever, Guy Shirley Harris (late H.M.S. Worcester), only son of the late George Shirley Harris, Esq., J.P., of Knighton, Leicestershire.

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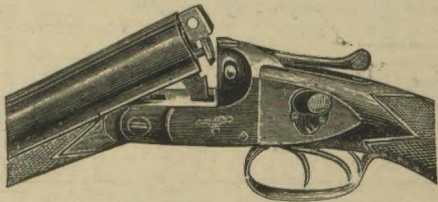
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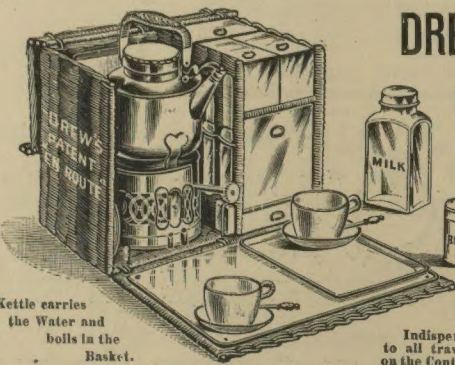
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THE STRAND MUSICAL MAGAZINE.

CONTENTS OF No. 6, JUNE.

ILLUSTRATED TEXT:

Frontispiece: P. Tchaikowsky. Interview with Mr. August Manns. By Flora Klickmann. Illustration from Photograph. "Hansel and Gretel." Pianoforte Playing. By Ernst Pauer, Principal Professor at the Royal College of Music. Interview with Madame Belle Cole. By J. E. Woolcott. Illustration from Photograph. Interview with Mr. Ben Davies. By J. E. Woolcott. Illustrations from Photographs. Lady Composers. Illustrations from Photographs. "Musical Terms." Illustrated by A. Chasemore. "A Distressed Tenor." Story by Eric Austin. Illustrated by W. S. Stacey.

THE STRAND MUSICAL MAGAZINE.

MUSIC:

"Hereafter" (Song). Words by Christina Rossetti. Music by Malcolm Maclean. "A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea" (Song). Words by Allan Cunningham. Music by Frank L. Moir. "Now was I Wrong?" (Song). Words by Charles Rowe. Music by L. Engel. "At Sight of Thee" (Song). Words by Clifton Bingham. Music by Milton Wellings. "Oh! Let Thy Tears" (Song). Words by Emily J. Troup. Music by Ad. Jensen. "When Grandmamma was Young" (Children's Song). Words by Jan L. Lawson. Music from an Old English Air. "June" (Barcarolle (Pianoforte Solo). By P. Tchaikowsky. "Irene" Gavotte (Pianoforte Solo). By P. Tchaikowsky. "Tango," from "España" (Pianoforte Solo). By J. Albeniz. "Amitie" Waltz (Pianoforte). By E. Waldteufel. "Vergilone" Polka (Pianoforte). By H. Tellam. "The Merry Troopers" March (Pianoforte). By L. Elsen.

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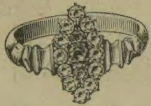
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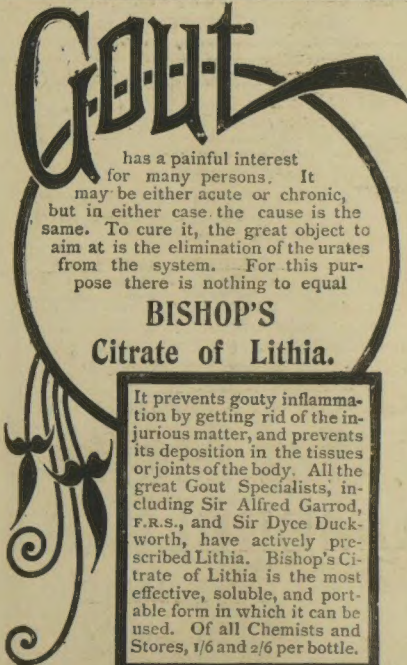


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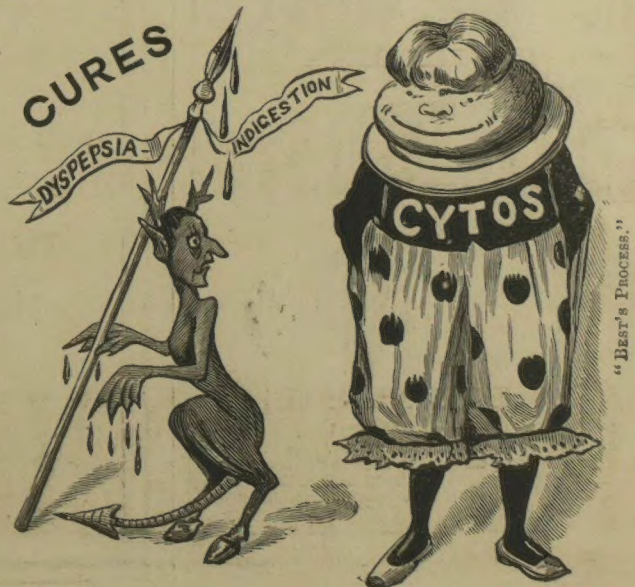
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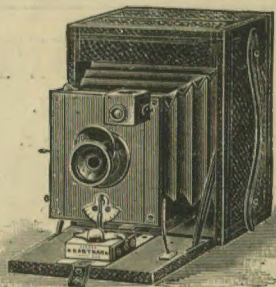


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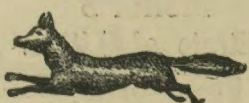
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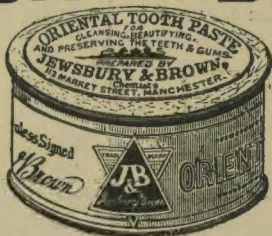
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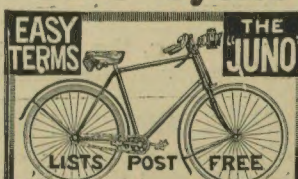


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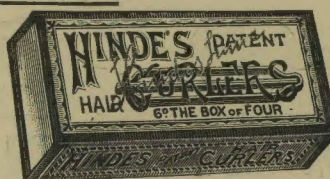
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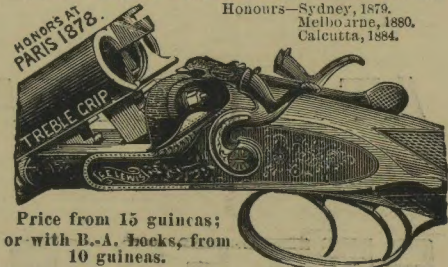
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